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Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN Terms: $1.50 per Year

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5, 1891.

The President does not have quite so many callers, or rather, there are not so many prominent men among his callers since the announcement was semi-officially made that none of the important appointments were likely to be made until after the Fall election. Whatever the reason for this decision it is universally considered to be good politiss on the part of the President, besides it gives him time to look after some other important matters that are pressing.

There is a very marked difference in the manner in which republicans and democrats here talk of the out look in New York. The democrats invariably start off with an "if" which they admit to be necessary to Flower's success. On the contrary the republicans grow more enthusiastic every day and will not admit that there is even a possibillity of defeat for Fassett, and the reports from private sources which reach here from New York are constantly adding to the republican confidence.

The President has taken a hand in the Chinese question and he has spoken with the same earnestness which characterized his instructions to Minister Egan last week to dsmand satisfaction from the Chillian junta for affronts offered him as the official representative of the United States. A Chinaman who recently entered the United States through Canada was arrested and ordered departed to China. The British Minister because the Chinaman claimed a residence in Canada, requested the President to pardon him and allow him to return to Canada. To this the President replied through the State department "that if this were a single case it would give this goverment great pleasure to show its consideration by complying with the request, but there is involved in this case, in my opinion, the whole question of the success and enforcement of our exclusion acts. I have therefore directed the Secretary of the Treasury to send this man back to China."

The fight against Gen Raum is again rag ing violently here, and those who are conducting it seem determined to keep it up as long as he remains at the head of the Pension Office. Gen- Raum has gone to Illinois on a fifteen day's leave of absence and his enemies insist that he will not return to Washington as Commissioner of Pension, notwithstanding his having said just before leaving that much as he might like to lay down the harassing duties of the Office which he did not seek he would not resign while under fire. These men insist that Secretary Noble will not dismiss the three employes of the Pension Office who have made affidavits charging Gen. Raum's son with Office Brokerage, whose discharge Gen. Raum has asked for. It is a nasty business altogether, and Gen. Raum has the sympathies of all who have taken the trouble to ascertain that politics is the only basis of the fight against him.

The number of candidates for the single democratic vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission continues to increase at the rate of three or four a day, and they are mostly from the South since it was announced that only those from that section would be considered.

The first payment on account of the sugar bounty was six thousand eight hundred dollars, and it was paid to the China Valley Sugar Company of California, for the production of three hundred and forty thousand pounds of beet sugar.

As it is now certain that Secretary Blaine will not be in Washington on the date set for the conference between himself and the President and the Canadian Commissioners on the subject of reciprocity October 12,—the British Minister has been notified of the necessity for postponing the conference. No new date has been set for the conference, and there are many people who doubt whether it will be held until there shall be a change of administration in Canada.

Secretary Tracy is considering a report made by a committee of Naval Officers which recommends a revolution in the personal of the service which would practically amount to an entire reorganization of the Navy. If approved the Secretary will probably incorporate the recommendations in his annual report to the President.

Senator Dolph of Oregon, says the Farmer's Alliance is trying to obtain a foot hold in his State but have so far been unsuccessful. Senator Walcot, of Colorado, ys the Alliance cuts no figure in his state.

Hon. Jeff. Chandler, of Missouri, a democrat who wanted to succeed Vest in the Senate, but whose name was some how lost in the shuffle by the democratic legislative caucus, is here. He says the only hope of the democrats next year is to come out squarely for free coinage. It is needless to add that he is not going on the stump for his party in New York or Massachusetts.

A BOLD THEFT.

ROBBERS ALMOST CARRY OFF THE HOUSE AND CONTENTS.

One of the boldest and most successful robberies ever occurring in Centre county took place on Monday night out on Marsh Creek, in Bald Eagle valley. It was at the home of Mr. John McCartney, one of the prosperous farmers of that locality. For some reason or other on retiring to bed on Monday evening the front door was either purposely or unintentionally left unfastened and during the night thieves entered and almost rid the house of all its valuable contents save and except the innocent and unconscious sleepers.

On taking an inventory in the morning it was found that the robbers had gotten away with from ten to fifteen dollars worth of family plate; twenty-four gallons of applebutter: seven gallons of peach butter; all the canned goods in the house besides a number of other household articles. To get away with all this stuff the light fingered gentry had brought along a horse and wagon, the tracks of which were plainly seen next morning and followed some distance, until they came where too many other wagons had passed later.

Mr. McCartney believes that they must have all been chloroformed as not one member of the family heard any disturbance and was not aware of what had been done until they arose in the morning. Thus far not the slightest trace of the robbers has been found.

A COSTLY KISS.

"Oh, who will take care of grandma now!"

This was the exclamation of Samuel Tillotson, 21 years old, when in New York, one morning this week.

Young Tillotson lives with his two brothers. Their parents are dead and the grandmother of the boys keeps house for them. A short time ago young Tillotson secured a job as elevator boy for the Gast Lithographing company. His elder brother is employed by the firm. The lithographing employs nearly 200 girls. They ride up and down daily on the elevator to the sixth floor.

Samuel became well acquainted with several of the girls during the daily transit, and was in the habit of skylarking with them. On the morning when the accident occured, Samuel started on the top trip with the elevator loaded with pretty female lithographers. In his infatuation for the women he forget to close the folding gate with which the elevator is provided for the protection of passengers.

In a struggle to obtain a kiss Samuel's left foot slipped into the crack between the elevator and the wall. As the elevator continued his left leg was broke above the ankle.

Samuel says he will never again attempt to kiss a girl in an elevator.

READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

BOSTON, Oct. 5.—Beut Sintzski, his wife and his son Moses, arrived here Friday on the steamer Kansas. The family gave a party May 28th in their home at Trabe, Russia, in honor of the thirteenth birthday of Moses, who under the Jewish customs had reached man's estate. Being contrary to Russian laws the local police demanded a large sum of hush money, which Sintzski could not give.

The family without trial were started to Siberia. On the way the officer in command of the guard made a proposal to Sintzke's daughter agreeing to release the whole family if she would submit. She was willing to sacrifice herself but her father forbade her doing it.

To make him yield the girl was strung up by the arms, and the pain and fright caused her death. A section of Nihilists heard of this outrage, succeeded in drugging the soldiers and killed the Captain.

The captives were rescued and were assisted across the Prussian frontier. They were put aboard a vessel bound for Hull, England, from which place they came to America.

Marriage Licenses.

William Brown and Mary Emma Lee, both of Philipsburg.

John C. Turner of Mt. Eagle, and Lillian E. Gates of Nittany.

James Ferencik and Annie Herman, both of Philipsburg.

Isaac W. Baney, of Bellefonte, and Mary Grenoble, of Zion.

I. N. Haupt and Sadie Keeler, both of Bellefonte.

John Gilson and Mary Carney, both of Powelton.

John T. Shenefelt, of Birmingham, and Agnes M. Webner, of Nittany.

John I. Swavely and Jennie V. Royer, both of Potter township.

THE HOUTZDALE BANK.

THE DEVELOPMENTS ARE BECOMING VERY INTERESTING.

Philipsburg, Pa. October 1.—The excitement in Houtzdale over the closing of the Houtzdale bank continues. A meeting of the depositors has been called for to-night at which arrangements will be made to secure additional legal counsel and proceed to institute criminal proceedings against the president, Wm. A. Dill. A delegation will go to Clearfield to-night. Important devolopement are expected to-morrow.

The threatened on the Philipsburg banks amounted to nothing except the withdrawal of the Hungarian deposits. Both banks, in anticipation of serions runs, had made ample preparations. It is reported here to-night that John Beyer will be appointed receiver of the Houtzdale bank and that William A. Dill has made an assignment of all his property to Oscar Mitchell, of Clearfield.

John McGrath, cashier of the Houtzdale bank, was arrested to-night, charged with embezzlement. The hearing is set for to.morrow morning. A warrant was also issued for the arrest of William A. Dill. John Beyer and George W. Dickey, of Hontzdale, have been appointed by Judge Kreps as thee rceivers of the Houtzdale bank.

PHILIPSBURG, Pa., October 2.—At a meeting of the directors of the Houtzdale bank, held last evening, Messrs. Jones Westfield, William Pollock and A. D. Stewart were appointed a committee to represent the depositors in all further steps taken to protect the depositors, and were instructed to obtain Messrs. Murray & Gordon, of Clearfield, in addition to local council. The committee was instructed to have a warrant issued charging W. H. Dill with the embezzlement to upwards of $100,000 of the bank's funds. The court has appointed Messrs. John Beyer, of Medera and John W. Dickey, receiver, and in, pursuance with instructions of depositors' committee, receiver to-day swore out the warrant. John B. McGrath, cashier, will be the principal witness, and is anxious to give the depositors all the information in his power. The individual prosecutions against Dill have been withdrawn since the action of the committee. A dispatch to Lawyer Patterson, attorney for the receivers, from Jonas Westfield, at Clearfield, states that the bank examiner has ordered the arrest of Dill. Unofficially it is learned that the bank discovered the following assets, Cash about $200,000; securities, $50,000; real estate, $10,000 certificate of deposit in First National bank of Clearfield, $15,000. The deposits as stated in my dispatch of yesterday amounted to $200,000. The receivers, it is stated also found in one of the books receipts in the handwriting of Mr. Dill for $105,000, which he had taken from the bank. The depositors are determined to push the case as far as the law will permit. Business remains as stagnant as ever and it is dificult to foretell the result, financially, should the depositors fail to secure neither money or security. The people, however are hopeful for the best.

LATEST FROM CLEARFIELD.

CLEARFIELD, October 2.—Since Wednesday morning there has been but one topic on the streets of Clearfield—the First National and Houtzdale banks. Business is suspended by a certain class, and they stand about eagerly listening for any news concerning the failures. The bank examiner, Miller, found $10,000 of false entry this afternoon and straightway had Dill arrested, and a justice placed the bail figure at $20,000, but it was not raised. Then later another false entry of $30,000 was found, and so it goes and no one knows where it will end. An officer has been with Dill all day and if the shortage runs much higher it is likely he will be put in jail for want of bail. A special train brought his son-in-law to the front to-day to bail him out, but he was not financially qualified to enter bail. The family of Dill have the sympathy of the people. While Dill appears cool in his present situation it is known that he is laboring under a heavy strain mentally. He states that he does not want bail, and if he has done anything wrong he asks to be taken to jail. The midnight gang of lynchers reported consisted of three Hungarians, one of whom caught Dill by the arm and said: Me want my money." He was promptly hustled away by an officer.

Another warrant was issued to-night for [illegible] charging him with embezzling $85,- [illegible] Houtzdale bank. Dill being [illegible] bail was taken to jail to- [illegible] Dill went with her husband [illegible] the night with him. Dill will [illegible] a hearing to-morrow.

HEBREW NEW YEAR.

Beginning at sunset Friday evening, will be celebrated Kosh-ha-shauah, the new year of the Hebrew calendar and 5,652d since the world's creation. For ten days the most solemn observances of the year will occur in synagogues and homes of the orthordox believes. This season is known as the "Days of penitence," and terminates with the great "Day of the Atonement."

New Year's day, or the Day of Memorial, as it is termed in the Pentateuch, will be strictly observed by all Jews in the total suspension of business, attendance at the house of worship and exchange of greeting cards and presents. A very important feature will be the blowing of the "shofar,. This is omitted on Saturday, the Sabbath day, but at other times its shrill notes sound a solemn warning to prepare for repentance on the Day of Atonemet.

CARD OF THANKS.

RETURNED FOR VALUABLE ASSISTANCE RENDERED IN THE BUSINESS MEN'S CARNIVAL.

In recognition of the profound sympathy and untiring efforts of the many friends of the Young Men's Christian Association, displayed in the Business Men's Jubilee we deem it a privilege, as well as a duty to publicly thank our coworkers.

First—We would express to the young ladies of the four divisions, our hearty thanks for their faithful attendance at rehearsals, their united efforts to make the entertainment a success, and the highly complimentary manner in which they represented the various firms Thursday night.

Second—The following committee on costumes and marching deserve the highest commendation for their wonderful encouragement, patient perseverance, constant application, excellent suggestions and great display of artistic ability during the last two weeks.

Miss Reed, chairman; Misses Emma Hughes, Mary Blanchard, Katherine Harris, Lulu Meek, Caroline Orvis, Lizzie Shortlidge, Rosa Fox, Emily Natt, Mary Thomas, Mollie Petriken, Sara Valentine, Minnie Brew, Ida Gerberick, Lulu Harper, Lydia Harris Mary Linn, Bessie Meek, Kate Green, Bella Rankin, Rachael Humes, Emma Butts, Jennie Strickland, Martha Keller, Rebecca Rhoads, Blanche Hayes, Bessie Muffley, Katie Bulleck, Mrs Woodcock, Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Harry Keller, Mrs. Munson, Mrs. Will Garman, Mrs. Kitson, Mrs. Elmor, and Mrs. Hastings.

Third—We must again return our thanks to the business men, for their generous and sympathetic spirit, without which our performance would have failed.

Fourth—We deeply appreciate the interest which the State College Orchestra the trio double quartette, Miss Stott and other singers manifested Thursday night and thank them most heartily for the excellent music so gratuitously furnished.

Fifth—The beautiful flowers which Mr. Chaapel, of Williamsport, and the Misses Meek, of Bellefonte, kindly sent us added additional beauty to the stage and to them we are deeply indebted.

Sixth—We would kindly thank Mr. D. F. Fortney president of the school board, and his obliging corps of instructors for their courteous efforts in the interest of the jubilee.

Seventh—To Mr. Garman, proprietor of the opera house; we must express our sincere thanks for favors shown us during the past two weeks both during rehersals and the final performance.

JAMES R HUGHES.
WILLIAM S. FURST.

A RECENT WEDDING.

A quiet wedding took place at the Fifth Avenue Methodist Episcopal parsonage on Thursday evening, October 1, 1891, when Rev. R. H. Colburn said the words that made Mr. Edward G. Rothrock and Miss Ida O. Deschner one. Mr. Rothrock hails from Centre county and is of a family of more than ordinary standing. He is an excellent young man. Miss Deschner is from Union county, of the highly esteemed Deschner family and is an estimable young lady. They will make their future home on the corner of Sixth avenue and Fourth street. This happy couple are worthy of, and have, the congratulations of their many friends.—Altoona *Tribune*.

O'FLYNN IN MEXICO.

The above play was given by Alfred Kelcy and a very good supporting company in the opera house Friday evening. The play is clean and neat and was given in a way that drew forth round after round of applause. Mr. Kelcy is an artist of no small ability and his support was above the average. Miss Lillie Larose, in the dual role of Jaunita and Marie, displayed considerable talent while her singing was superb, as was also that of Mr. Kelcy, and then an another thing was that the songs were all new ones—no old and stale chestnuts perpetrated.

Tax collector Simon Sellers, of Halfmoon township, was in Bellefonte on a business trip on Friday, and while here made a friendly call at this office.

FOR THE CHRONIC INSANE.

WHAT CONSTITUTES THE SELECTION FOR THE NEW HOSPITAL.

The Philadelphia *Press* thus describes the site recently selected by the commission as a suitable place for the new hospital for the chronic insane:

The commissioners for the location of a Hospital for the Chronic Insane have chos en the South Mountain site, which comprises a little over 540 acres of land, between the villages of Wernersville and Robesonia, in Berks County, and eight miles west of Reading. The price is $77,000.

The place is equally distant from the asylums of Norristown, Danville, and Harrisburg, and can be reached by direct routes from any part of the State. The Reading Railroad, which runs past the property, will erect a station at the site and furnish any necessary siding. The property is composed, with the exception of a few acres, of fertile land and contains four fine orchards in good bearing condition. The water supply is excellent and can furnish power to light the buildings by electricity. Upon the site is a large grist mill with modern machinery. There is housing for ninety-six cows and forty horses. The villages lying near are large cattle markets so that cattle, horses, and fresh meat can be obtained at lowest wholesale prices.

At Reading the necessary workmen can be found so that the building improvements and repairs can be made and erected at the lowest possible expense. But a trifling sum is necessary for the construction of all needed reservoirs. There are many places upon the property where large reservoirs can be constructed by merely throwing across the gully a dam breast. There are also about fifteen acres of timber land, which can be converted into a park. On the property is plenty of limestone, and several quarries are on the property, from which stone for foundation and walls can be secured on the property. Water being able to be piped into the buildings by gravity will save the State not only the expense of erecting pumps and stations, but also the constant expense of having them run and kept in repair.

The committee in comparing the price of this property had regard for the buildings now erected on the property. There are, beside the barns, four dwelling houses for the families of those who work the farm or superintend any portion of the work about the institution. The whole site includes four tracts, the Wertz, Hain Gaul and Hewitt.

The spot is in the midst of fine surroundings and beautiful scenery, and no place offered has a more beautiful view and presents more advantages.

Malignant Diptheria.

Malignant diptheria is raging in Snow Shoe and on Thurtday a child of Mr. T. B. Budinger died from the dread disease. The body was taken to Wiiliamsport for burial and in this morning's *Gazette and Bulletin* we find the following in regard to it:

A telephone message from a member of the board of health of Jersey Shore, was received at the police station last evening stating that the dead body of a child which had died of a malignant form of diptheria was enrout for this city, where interment was to take place, and stated that it would be well for the health officer to look into the matter.

It appears that the body was that of a child of a Mr. Buddinger, of Snow Shoe, and was being brought to this city by hearse, as the railroads would not carry it. The hearse left Snow Shoe early yesterday morning, and arrived in Jersey Shore a short time before 9 o'clock last night, but up to a late hour it had not arrived in this city. The distance from Snow Shoe to this city is inthe neighborhood of sixty-five miles. The health office here gave order to have the interment take place as soon as the body arrived. Interment was to be made in Mound cemetery. Mr. Buddinger buried his mother in the above cemetery only a short time ago.

TWO TONS OF HONEY.

Robert Simcox, of Queen's Run, who is known as one of the largest bee keepers in the county, expects to take two tons of honey this fall. He has already disposed of over half a ton of his honey. Mr. Simcox has fifty hives of bees and thirty-seven swarms this year. During the recent warm spell of weather the honey in a number of his hives melted and ran out of the combs. He says this has been an unusually good year for bees to make honey. The best stock of bees for making honey, Mr. Simcox claims, are the "high bred," which are a cross between the Italian and the native bees.—L. H. *Express*.

DUTIES OF SUPERVISORS.

A case was tried last week before Judge Kreps, at Clearfield, in which John Glaub brought suit against the road supervisors of Goshen township for damages, for injuries received by the plaintiff driving over an embankment. The court in charging the jury said that the plea of poverty by the supervisors should not be considered as they had the previlege of appealing to the county commissioners for assistance in maintaining proper roadways if they felt burdened by taxation in that direction. The jury awarded the plaintiff a thousand dollars damages.

A ONE-LEGGED BICYCLIST.

It seems as though there were no feats that one-legged men are not able to accomplish: feats which, with the average being requires the combined and trained action of both feet and both legs. We have had one-legged rope and wire-walkers, one-legged acrobats, one-legged dancers, one-legged swimmers; in fact, almost everything except one-legged bicycle riders. That interesting' and heretofore deficent, being, has now been supplied by London in the person of W Jones, a member of the Sovereign Cycling club of that city.

Jones is not a common, ordinary, every-day cyclist, content to wind his devious way about the intricate cross-roads of the suburbs of London in a leisurely and aimless way. He has been speeding along those roads at a rate to make not only the suburban residents but the members of the different cycling clubs in London open their eyes in the wonder. He recently covered a hundred miles on the Bat road in eight hours and thirty-one minutes, using a ¼-inch safety. This feat is, to say the least, a remarkable one, as there are many amateur cyclists blessed with two legs who are unable to cover the distance in that lively time.

The enthusiasm of the entire club of which he is a member has been aroused by his remarkable performances. So much so that they want to back him against any one-legged cyclist in the world, from 5 to 100 miles on road or path. As yet no other one-legged cyclist has bobbed up to race Mr. Jones.

AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

The beauty of American women is proverbial, and the distinction is well merited: it is doubtful whether any country could show a more notable bevy of perfectly lovely woman than those portraits are given in the November number of Demorest's Family Magazine just received Exquisite picture of a score of "Famous Beauties of the South" afford a feast of beauty that everyone should enjoy, and may by simply procuring a copy of this splendid number of this always excellent Family Magazine. And this is not its only great attraction. A uniqu series of articles in Discoveries," handsomely illustrated which are especially apropos at this time; "Her Soul's Secret" is an absorbing novelette, any woman can learn to ride, and to ride gracefully, if she will follow the rules given in "Lessons in Riding", those who are preparing Christmas gifts will find appropriate mottoes for them and numerous pretty style s of lettering in "Home Art and Home Comfort", in "Sanitarian," Susanna W. Dodds, M. D., tells about "The Uueqnal Distribution of Clothing" in the first of her articles on "Woman's Dress Hygienically Considered," housekeepers will find some appetizing "Thanks giving Menus," in fact, something to interest everybody will be found in this comprehensive Magazine, which is published for $2 a year by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

The amazing statement is made by Edward Atkinson, the eminent statistician of Boston, in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly this week, that the invention of the automatic, selfbinding wheat harvester enabled this country to resume specie payment in 1879 by making it possible to gather the enormous wheat crop and get it to market. Mr. Atkinson's contribution on "Wheat—Our Financial Anchor," will be read by everyone with interest, and the pictures of the wheat harvest in the West and the great Harvest Festival at Minneapolis, Minn., give it special interest. Boys who want a pair of fine skates and girls who want elegantly-dressed French dolls should read Frank Leslie's Weekly. These are offered as prizes. Get a copy of your newsdealer. Price, ten cents.

SEE HERE.

If you think of getting a Tomb stone or Monument it will pay you to go to A. M. Mott's Marble yard this fall and get it, There is a large stock of Monuments and Tombstones that will be disposed of this fall yet, at prices that will please the purchaser.

Call and see for yourself and be convinced this is correct. It will not cost you anything to look at the work unless you buy, d2tR1t.—O 7 A. M. MOTT

—All the latest styles in fall and winter millinery can be seen at Mrs Gilmour's on Thursday, opening day. Don't fail to go around and see them. o7—2t.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

He could hear the armed life almost within reach of him, could hear the slings tighten across the bandsman's chest as he hauled the big drum from the ground.

"Sticks crossed above his head," whispered Torpenhow.

"I know! I know! Who should know if I don't! H'sh!"

The drumsticks fell with a boom, and the men swung forward to the crash of the band. Dick felt the wind of the massed movement in his face, heard the maddening tramp of feet and the friction of the pouches on the belts. The big drum pounded out the tune. It was a music hall refrain that made a perfect quickstep:

He must be a man of decent height
He must be a man of weight,
He must come home on a Saturday night
In a thoroughly sober state:
He must know how to love me,
And he must know how to kiss:
And if he's enough to keep us both
I can't refuse him bliss.

"What's the matter?" said Torpenhow, as he saw Dick's head fall when the last of the regiment had departed.

"Nothing. I feel a little bit out of the running—that's all. Torp, take me back. Why did you bring me out?"

CHAPTER X.

There were three friends that buried the fourth,
The mould in his mouth and the dust in his eyes;
And they went south, and east, and north,
The strong man fights, but the sick man dies.

There were three friends that spoke of the dead,
The strong man fights, but the sick man dies,
"And would he were here with us now," they said,
"The sun in our face and the wind in our eyes."

—Ballad.

The Nilghai was angry with Torpenhow. Dick had been sent to bed—blind men are ever under the orders of those who can see and—since he had returned from the park had fluently cursed Torpenhow because he was alive, and all the world because it was alive and could see, while he, Dick, was dead in the death of the blind, who, at the best, are only burdens upon their associates. Torpenhow had said something about a Mrs. Gummidge, and Dick had retired in a fury to handle and rehandle three unopened letters from Maisie.

The Nilghai, fat, burly, and aggressive, was in Torpenhow's rooms. Behind him sat the Keneu, the Great War Eagle, and between them lay a large map embellished with black and white headed pins.

"I was wrong about the Balkans," said the Nilghai. "But I'm not wrong about this business. The whole of our work in the Southern Soudan must be done over again. The public doesn't care, of course, but the Government does, and they are making their arrangements quietly. You know that as well as I do."

"I remember how the people cursed us when our troops withdrew from Omdurman. It was bound to crop up sooner or later. But I can't go," said Torpenhow. He pointed through the open door. It was a hot night. "Can you blame me?"

The Keneu purred above his pipe like a large and very happy cat.

"Don't blame you in the least. It's uncommonly good of you, and all the rest of it, but every man—even you, Torp—must consider his work. I know it sounds brutal, but Dick's out of the race—down—*gustados*, expended, finished, done for. He has a little money of his own. He won't starve, and you can't pull out of your slide for his sake. Think of your own reputation."

"Dick's was five times bigger than mine and yours put together."

"That was because he signed his name to everything he did. It's all ended now. You must hold yourself in readiness to move out. You can command your own prices, and you do better work than any three of us."

"Don't tell me how tempting it is. I'll stay here to look after Dick for a while. He's as cheerful as a bear with a sore head, but I think he likes to have me about him."

The Nilghai said something uncomplimentary on soft-headed fools who throw away their careers for other fools. Torpenhow flushed angrily. The constant strain of attendance on Dick had worn his nerves thin.

"There remains a third fate," said the Keneu, thoughtfully. "Consider this, and be not larger fools than is necessary. Dick is—or rather was—an able-bodied man of moderate attractions and a certain amount of audacity."

"Oho!" said the Nilghai, who remembered an affair at Cairo. "I begin to see. Torp, I'm sorry."

Torpenhow nodded forgiveness: "You were more sorry when he cut you out, though. Go on, Keneu."

"I've often thought, when I've seen men die out in the desert, that if the news could be sent through the world, and the means of transport were quick enough, there would be one woman at least at each man's bedside."

"There would be some mighty quaint revelations. Let us be grateful things are as they are," said the Nilghai.

"Let us rather reverently consider whether Torp's three-cornered ministrations are exactly what Dick needs just now. What do you think yourself, Torp?"

"I know they aren't. But what can I do?"

"Lay the matter before the Board. We are all Dick's friends here. You've been most in his life."

"But I picked it up when he was off his head."

"The greater chance of it's being true. I thought we should arrive. Who is she?"

Then Torpenhow told a tale in plain words, as a special correspondent who knows how to make a verbal *precis* should tell it. The men listened without interruption.

"Is it possible that a man can come back across the years to his calf love?" said the Keneu. "Is it possible?"

"I give the facts. He says nothing about it now but he sits fumbling those three letters from her when he thinks I am not looking. What am I to do?"

"Speak to him," said the Nilghai.

"Oh, yes! Write to her—I don't know her full name, remember—and ask her to accept him out of pity. I believe you once told Dick you were sorry for him, Nilghai. You remember what happened, eh! Go into the bedroom and suggest full confession and an appeal to this Maisie girl, whatever she is. I honestly believe he'd try to kill you; and the blindness has made him rather muscular."

"Torpenhow's course is perfectly clear," said the Keneu. "He will go to Vitry-sur-Marne, which is on the Beziers-Landes Railway—single track from Tourgas. The Prussians shelled it out in '70 because there was a poplar on the top of a hill eighteen hundred yards from the church spire. There's a squadron of cavalry quartered there—or ought to be. Where this studio Torp spoke about may be I cannot tell. That is Torp's business. I have given him his route. He will dispassionately explain the situation to the girl, and she will come back to Dick—the more especially because, to use Dick's words, 'there is nothing but her damned obstinacy to keep them apart.'"

"And they have four hundred and twenty pounds a year between 'em. Dick never lost his head for figures, even in his delirium. You haven't the shadow of an excuse for not going," said the Nilghai.

Torpenhow looked very uncomfortable. "But it's absurd and impossible. I can't drag her back by the hair."

"Our business—the business for which we draw our money—is to do absurd and impossible things—generally with no reason whatever except to amuse the public. Here we have a reason. The rest doesn't matter. I shall share these rooms with the Nilghai until Torpenhow returns. There will be a batch of unbridled 'specials' coming to town in a little while, and these will serve as their headquarters. Another reason for sending Torpenhow away. Thus Providence helps those who help others, and"—here the Keneu abandoned his measured speech—"we can't have you tied by the leg to Dick when the trouble begins. It's your only chance of getting away; and Dick will be grateful."

"He will—worse luck! I can but go and try. I can't conceive a woman in her senses refusing Dick."

"Talk that out with the girl. I have seen you wheedle an angry Madieh woman into giving you dates. This won't be a tithe as difficult. You had better not be here tomorrow afternoon, because the Nilghai and I will be in possession. It is an order. Obey."

"Dick," said Torpenhow next morning, "can I do anything for you?"

"No! Leave me alone. How often must I remind you that I'm blind."

"Nothing I could go for to fetch for to carry for to bring!"

"No. Take those infernal creaking boots of yours away."

"Poor chap!" said Torpenhow to himself. "I must have been sitting on his nerves lately. He wants a lighter step." Then, aloud, "Very well. Since your so independent I'm going off for four or five days. Say good-by at least. The housekeeper will look after you, and Keneu has my rooms."

Dick's face fell. "You won't be longer than a week at the outside? I know I'm touched in the temper, but I can't get on without you."

"Can't you? You'll have to do without me in a little time, and you'll be glad I'm gone."

Dick felt his way back to the big chair, and wondered what these things might mean. He did not wish to be tended by the housekeeper, and yet Torpenhow's constant tenderness jarred on him. He did not exactly know what he wanted. The darkness would not lift, and Maisie's unopened letters felt worn and old from much handling. He could never read them for himself as long as life endured; but Maisie might have sent him some fresh ones to play with. The Nilghai entered with a gift—a piece of red modelling wax. He fancied that Dick might find interest in using his hands. Dick poked and patted the stuff for a few min-



He stumbled across the landing and plunged into Torpenhow's room.

utes, and, "Is it like anything in the world?" he said drearily. "Take it away. I may get the touch of the blind in fifty years. Do you know where Torpenhow has gone?"

The Nilghai knew nothing. "We're staying in his rooms till he comes back. Can we do anything for you?"

"I'd like to be left alone, please. Don't think I'm ungrateful; but I'm best alone."

The Nilghai chuckled, and Dick resumed his drowsy brooding and sullen rebellion against fate. He had long since ceased to think about the work he had done in the old days, and the desire to do more work had departed from him. He was exceedingly sorry for himself, and the completeness of his tender grief soothed him. But his soul and his body cried for Maisie—Maisie, who would understand. His mind pointed out that Maisie, having her own work to do, would not care. His experience had taught him that when money was exhausted women went away, and that when a man was knocked out of the race the others trampled on him. "Then at the least," said Dick, in reply, "she could use me as I used Binat—for some sort of study. I wouldn't ask more than to be near her again, even though I knew another man was making love to her. Ugh! what a dog I am!"

A voice on the staircase began to sing joyfully;

When we go—go—go away from here,
Our creditors will weep and they will wail,
Our absence much regretting when they find that we've been getting
Out of England by next Tuesday's Indian mail.

Following the trampling of feet, slamming of Torpenhow's door, and the sound of voices in strenuous debate, some one squeaked: "And see, you good fellows, I have found a new water bottle—first-class patent—eh, how you say? Open himself inside out."

Dick sprang to his feet. He knew the voice well. "That's Cassavetti come back from the Continent. Now I know why Torp went away. There's a row somewhere, and—I'm out of it."

The Nilghai commanded silence in vain. "That's for my sake," Dick said, bitterly. "The birds are getting ready to fly, and they wouldn't tell me. I can hear Morten-Sutherland and Mackaye. Half the war correspondents in London are there—and I'm out of it."

He stumbled across the landing and plunged into Torpenhow's room. He could feel that it was full of men. "Where's the trouble?" said he. "In the Balkans at last! Why didn't some one tell me!

"We thought you wouldn't be interested," said the Nilghai, shamefacedly. "It's in the Soudan, as usual."

"You lucky dogs! Let me sit here while you talk. I shan't be a skeleton at the feast. Cassavetti, where are you? Your English is as bad as ever."

Dick was led into a chair. He heard the rustle of the maps, and the talk swept forward, carrying him with it. Everybody spoke at once, discussing press censorships, railway routes, transport, water supply, the capacities of Generals—these in language which would have horrified a trusting public—rating, asserting, denouncing, and laughing at the top of their voices. There was the glorious certainty of war in the Soudan at any moment. The Nilghai said so, and so, and it was well to be in readiness. The Keneu had telegraphed to Cairo for horses. Cassavetti had stolen a perfectly inaccurate list of troops that would be ordered forward, and was reading it amid profane interruptions, and the Keneu introduced to Dick some man unknown who would be employed as war artist by the Central Southern Syndicate. "It's his first outing," said the Keneu. "Give him some tips—about riding camels."

"Oh, those camels!" groaned Cassavetti. "I shall learn to ride him again, and now I am so much all soft! Listen, you good fellows. I know your military arrangement very well. There will go the Royal Argalshire Sutherlanders. So it was read to me upon best authority."

A roar of laughter interrupted him.

"Sit down," said the Nilghai. "The lists aren't even made out in the War Office."

"Will there be any force at Suakim?" said a voice.

Then the outcries redoubled, and grew mixed, thus: "How many Egyptian troops will they use?——God help the Fellaheen!——There's a railway in Piumstead marshes doing duty as a fives-court.——We shall have the Suakim-Berber line built at last.——Canadian voyageurs are too careful. Give me a half-drunk Krooman in a whale boat.——Who commands the Desert column?——No, they never blew up the big rock in Ghizeh bend. We shall have to be hauled up, as usual.——Somebody tell me if there's an Indian contingent, or I'll break everybody's head.——Don't tear the map in two.——It's a war of occupation, I tell you, to connect with the African companies in the South.——There's Guinea worm in most of the wells on that route." Then the Nilghai, despairing of peace bellowed like a fog horn and beat upon the table with both hands.

"But what becomes of Torpenhow?" said Dick, in the silence that followed.

"Torp's in abeyance just now. He's off love-making somewhere, I suppose," said the Nilghai.

"He said he was going to stay at home," said the Keneu.

"Is he?" said Dick, with an oath. "He won't. I'm not much good now, but if you and the Nilghai hold him down I'll engage to trample on him till he sees reason. He stay behind, indeed! He's the best of you all. There'll be some tough work by Omdurman. We shall come there to stay this time. But I forgot. I wish I were going with you."

"So do we all, Dickie," said the Keneu.

"And I most of all," said the new artist of the Central Southern Syndicate. "Could tell me——"

"I'll give you one piece of advice," Dick answered, moving toward the door. "If you happen to be cut over the head in a scrimmage, don't guard. Tell the man to go on cutting. You'll find it cheapest in the end. Thanks for letting me look in."

"There's grit in Dick," said the Nilghai, an hour later, when the room was emptied of all save the Keneu.

"It was the sacred call of the war trumpet. Did you notice how he answered to it? Poor fellow! Let's look at him," said the Keneu.

The excitement of the talk had died away. Dick was sitting by the studio table, with his head on his arms, when the men came in. He did not change his position.

"It hurts," he moaned. "God forgive me, but it hurts cruelly, and yet, y'know, the world has a knack of spinning round all by itself. Shall I see Torp before he goes?"

"Oh, yes. You'll see him," said the Nilghai.

CHAPTER XI.

But shall I not understand—
Shall not see the face of my love—
Shall not know her for whom I strove—
Till she reach me forth her hand,
"Saying, "Who but I have the right!"
And out of the troubled night
Shall draw me safe to the land.

—The Widower.

"Maisie, come to bed."

"It's so hot I can't sleep. Don't worry."

Maisie put her elbows on the window sill and looked at the moonlight on the straight, poplar-flanked road. Summer had come upon Vitry-sur-Marne and parched it to the bone. The grass was dry-burnt in the meadows, the clay by the bank of the river was caked to brick, the roadside flowers were long since dead, and the roses in the garden hung withered on their stalks. The heat in the little low bedroom under the eaves was almost intolerable. The very moonlight on the wall of Kami's studio across the road seemed to make the night hotter, and the shadow of the big bell handle by the closed gate cast a bar of inky black that caught Maisie's eye and annoyed her.

"Horrid thing! It should be all white," she murmured. "And the gate isn't in the middle of the wall, either. I never noticed that before."

Maisie was hard to please at that hour. First, the heat of the past few weeks had worn her down; secondly, her work, and particularly the study of a female head intended to represent the Melancolia, and not finished in time for the Salon, was unsatisfactory; thirdly, Kami had said as much two days before; fourthly that it was hardly worth thinking about, Dick, her property, had not written to her for more than six weeks. She was angry with the heat, with Kami, and with her work, but she was exceedingly angry with Dick.

She had written to him three times, each time proposing a fresh treatment of her Melancolia. Dick had taken no notice of these communications. She had resolved to write no more. When she returned to England in the autumn—for her pride's sake she could not return earlier—she would speak to him. She missed the Sunday afternoon conferences more than she cared to admit. All that Kami said was "*Continuez, mademoiselle, continuez toujours,*" and he had been repeating his wearisome counsel through the hot summer, exactly like a cicala—an old gray cicala in a black alpaca coat, white trousers, and a huge felt hat. But Dick had tramped masterfully up and down her little studio north of the cool green London Park, and had said things ten times worse than "*Continuez,*" before he snatched the brush out of her hand and showed her where her error lay. His last letter, Maisie remembered, contained some trivial advice about her not sketching in the sun or drinking water at wayside farmhouses, and he had said that not once, but three times, as if he did not know that Maisie could take care of herself.

But what was he doing that he could not trouble to write? A murmur of voices in the road made her lean from the window. A cavalryman of the little garrison in the town was talking to Kami's cook. The moonlight glittered on the scabbard of his sabre, which he was holding in his hand lest it should clank inopportunely. The cook's cap cast deep shadows on her face which was close to the conscript's. He slid his arm around her waist, and there followed the sound of a kiss.

"Faugh!" said Maisie stepping back.

"What's that?" said the red-haired girl, who was tossing uneasily outside her bed.

"Only a conscript kissing the cook," said Maisie. "They're gone away now." She leaned out of the window again, and put on a shawl to guard against chills. There was a very slight night breeze abroad, and a sun-baked rose below nodded its head as one who knew unutterable secrets. Was it possible that Dick should turn his thoughts from her work and his own and descend to the degradation of Suzanne and the conscript? He could not! The rose nodded its head and one leaf therewith. It looked like a naughty little devil scratching its ear. Dick could not, "because," thought Maisie, "he is mine—mine—mine. He said he was. I'm sure I don't care what he does. It will only spoil his work if he does; and it will spoil mine too."

The rose continued to nod in the futile way peculiar to flowers. There was no reason why Dick should not disport himself as he chose, except that he was called by Providence, which was Maisie, to assist Maisie in her work. And her work was the preparation of pictures that went sometimes to English provincial exhibitions, as the notices in the scrap book proved, and were invariably rejected by the Salon when Kami was plagued into allowing her to send them up. Her work in the future, it seemed, would be the preparation of pictures on exactly similar lines which would be rejected in exactly the same way.

The red-haired girl threshed distressfully across the sheets. "It's too hot to sleep," she moaned; and the interruption jarred.

Exactly the same way. Then she would divide her years between the little studio in England and Kami's big studio at Vitry-sur-Marne. No, she would go to another master, who should force her into the success that was her right, if patient toil and desperate endeavor gave one a right to anything. Dick had told her that he had worked ten years to understand his craft. She had worked ten years, and ten years were nothing. Dick had said that ten years were nothing—but that was in regard to herself only. He had said—this very man who could not find time to write—that he would wait ten years for her, and that she was bound to come back to him sooner or later. He had said this in the absurd letter about sun stroke and diphtheria; and then he had stopped writing. He was wander-



Maisie stood at the window reflecting on the meanness of Dick.

ing up and down the moonlit streets, kissing cooks. She would like to lecture him now—not in her nightgown of course, but properly dressed—severely and from a height. Yet if he was kissing other girls, he certainly would not care whether she lectured him or not. He would laugh at her. Very good she would go back to her studio and prepare pictures that went, &c., &c. The mill wheel of thought swung round slowly, that no section of it might be slurred over, and the red-haired girl tossed and turned behind her.

Maisie put her chin in her hands and decided that there could be no doubt whatever of the villainy of Dick. To justify herself, she began, unwomanly to weigh the evidence. There was a boy, and he had said he loved her. And he kissed her—kissed her on the cheek—by a yellow sea-poppy that nodded its head exactly like the maddening dry rose in the garden. Then there was an interval, and men had told her that they loved her—just when she was busiest with her work. Then the boy came back, and at their very second meeting had told her that he loved her. Then he had—— But there was no end to things he had done. He had given her his time and his powers. He had spoken to her of art, housekeeping, technique teacups, the abuse of pickles as a stimulant—that was rude—sable hair brushes—he had given her the best in her stock—she used them daily; he had given her advice that she profited by, and now and again—a look. Such a look. The look of a beaten hound waiting for the word to crawl to his mistress's feet. In return she had given him nothing whatever, except—here she brushed her mouth against the open-work sleeve of her nightgown—the privilege of kissing her once. And on the mouth, too. Disgraceful! Was that not enough, and more than enough! And if it was not had he not canceled the debt by not writing and—probably kissing other girls!

"Maisie, you'll catch a chill. Do go and lie down," said the wearied voice of her companion. "I can't sleep a wink with you at the window!"

Maisie shrugged her shoulders and did not answer. She was reflecting on the meanness of Dick and other meannesses with which he had nothing to do. The remorseless moonlight would not let her sleep. It lay on the skylight of the studio across the road in cold silver, and she stared at it intently, and her thoughts began to slide one into the other. The shadow of the big bell handle in the wall grew short, lengthened again and faded out as the moon went down behind the pasture and a hare came limping home across the road. Then the dawn wind washed through the upland grasses, and brought coolness with it, and the cattle lowed by the drought-shrunk river. Maisie's head fell forward on the window sill, and the tangle of black hair covered the arms.

"Maisie, wake up. You'll get a chill!"

"Yes, dear; yes, dear." She staggered to her bed like a wearied child, and as she buried her face in the pillows she muttered. "I think—I think—— But he ought to have written."

Day brought the routine of the studio, the smell of paint and turpentine, and the monotonous wisdom of Kami, who was a leaden artist, but a golden teacher if the pupil were only in sympathy with him. Maisie was not in sympathy that day, and she waited impatiently for the end of the work. She knew when it was coming; for Kami would gather his black alpaca coat into a bunch behind him, and, with faded blue eyes that saw neither pupils nor canvas, look back into the past and recall the history of one Binat. "You have all done not so badly," he would say. "But you shall remember that it is not enough to have the method, and the art, and the power, not even that which is touch, but you shall have also the conviction that nails the work to the wall. Of the so many I have taught"—here the students would begin to unfix drawing pins or get their tubes together—"the very so many that I have taught, the best was Binat. All that comes of the study and the work and the knowledge was to him even when he came. After he left me he should have done all that could be done with the color, the form and the knowledge. Only he had not the conviction. So to-day I hear no more of Binat—the best of my pupils—and that is long ago. So to-day, too, you will be glad to hear no more of me. *Continuez, mesdemoiselles,* and, above all, with conviction."

He went into the garden to smoke and mourn over the lost Binat as the pupils dispersed to their several cottages or loitered in the studio to make plans for the cool of the afternoon.

Maisie looked at her very unhappy Melancolia, restrained a desire to grimace before it, and was hurrying across the road to write a letter to Dick when she was aware of a large man on a white troop horse. How Torpenhow had managed, in the course of twenty hours, to find his way to the hearts of the cavalry officers in quarters at Vitry-sur-Marne, to discuss with them the certainty of a glorious *revanche* for France, to reduce the Colonel to tears of pure affability, and to borrow the best horse in the squadron for the journey to Kami's studio, is a mystery that only special correspondents can unravel.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "It seems an absurd question to ask, but the fact is I don't know her by any other name. Is there any young lady here that is called Maisie?"

"I am Maisie," was the answer from the depths of a great sun hat.

"I ought to introduce myself," he said, as the horse capered in the blinding white dust. "My name is Torpenhow. Dick Heldar is my best friend, and—and—the fact is that he has gone blind."

"Blind!" said Maisie, stupidly. "He can't be blind."

"He has been stone blind for nearly two months."

Maisie lifted up her face, and it was pearly white. "No! No! Not blind! I won't have him blind!"

"Would you care to see for yourself?" said Torpenhow.

"Now—at once!"

"Oh, no! The Paris train doesn't go through this place till 8 to-night. There will be ample time."

"Did Mr. Heldar send you to me?"

"Certainly not. Dick wouldn't do that sort of thing. He's sitting in his studio turning over some letters that he can't read because he's blind."

There was a sound of choking from the sun hat. Maisie bowed her head and went into the cottage, where the red-haired girl was on a sofa complaining of a headache.

"Dick's blind," said Maisie, taking her breath quickly as she steadied herself against a chair back. "My Dick's blind!"

"What?" The girl was on the sofa no longer.

"A man has come from England to tell me. He hasn't written to me for six weeks."

"Are you going to him?"

"I must think."

"Think! I should go back to London and see him, and I should kiss his eyes and kiss them and kiss them until they got well again! If you don't go I shall. Oh, what am I talking about! You wicked little idiot! Go to him at once. Go!"

Torpenhow's neck was blistering, but he preserved a smile of infinite patience as Maisie appeared bareheaded in the sunshine.

"I am coming," said she, her eyes on the ground.

"You will be at Vitry station, then, at seven this evening." This was an order delivered by one who was used to being obeyed. Maisie said nothing, but she felt grateful that there was no chance of disputing with this big man who took everything for granted and managed a squealing horse with one hand. She returned to the red-haired girl, who was weeping bitterly, and between tears, kisses—very few of those—menthol, packing, and an interview with Kami, the sultry afternoon wore away. Thought might come afterward. Her present duty was to go to Dick—Dick who owned the wondrous friend and sat in the dark playing with her unopened letters.

"But what will you do?" she said to her companion.

"I? Oh, I shall stay here and—finish your Melancolia," she said, smiling pitifully. "Write to me afterward."

That night there ran a legend through Vitry-sur-Marne of a mad Englishman, doubtless suffering from sunstroke, who had drunk all the officers of the garrison under the table, had borrowed a horse from the lines, and had then and there eloped, after the English custom, with one of those more than mad English girls who drew pictures down there under the care of that good Monsieur Kami.

"They are very droll," said Suzanne to the conscript in the moonlight by the studio wall. "She walked always with those big eyes that saw nothing, and yet she kisses me on both cheeks as though she were my sister, and gives me—see—ten francs!"

The conscript levied a contribution on both gifts; for he prided himself on being a good soldier.

Torpehhow spoke very little to Maisie during the journey to Calais, but he was careful to attend to all her wants, to get a compartment entirely to herself, and to leave her alone. He was amazed at the ease with which the matter had been accomplished.

"The safest thing would be to let her think things out. By Dick's showing—when he was off his head—she must have ordered him about very thoroughly. Wonder how she likes being under orders."

Maisie never told. She sat in the empty compartment often with her eyes shut that she might realize the sensation of blindness. It was an order that she return to London swiftly, and she found herself at last almost beginning to enjoy the situation. This was better than looking after trunks and a red-haired friend who never seemed to take any interest in her surroundings. But there seemed to be a feeling in the air that she, Maisie, of all people, was in disgrace. Therefore she justified her conduct to herself with great success, until Torpenhow came up to her on the steamer and without preface began to tell the story of Dick's blindness, suppressing a few details, but dwelling at length on the miseries of his delirium. He stopped before he reached the end, as though he had lost interest in the subject, and went forward to smoke. Maisie was furious with him and with herself.

She was hurried on from Dover to London almost before she could ask for breakfast, and—she was past any feeling of any indignation now—was bidden curtly to wait in a hall at the foot of some lead-covered stairs while Torpenhow went up to make inquiries. Again the knowledge that she was being treated like a naughty little girl made her pale cheeks flame. It was all Dick's fault for being so stupid as to go blind.

Torpenhow led her up to a shut door, which he opened very softly. Dick was sitting by the window with his chin on his chest. There were three envelopes in his hand, and he turned them over and over. The big man who gave orders was no longer by her side, and the studio door snapped behind her.

Dick thrust the letters in his pocket as he heard the sound. "Hulloo, Torp! Is that you? I've been so lonely."

His voice had taken the peculiar flatness of the blind. Maisie pressed herself up into a corner of the room. Her heart was beating furiously, and she put one hand on her breast to keep it quiet. Dick was staring directly at her, and she realized for the first time that he was blind. Shutting her eyes in a railway carriage to open them when she pleased was child's play. This man was blind though his eyes were wide open.

"Torp, is that you? They said you were coming." Dick looked puzzled and a little irritated at the silence.

"No; it's only me," was the answer, in a strained little whisper. Maisie could hardly move her lips.

"H'm!" said Dick, composedly, without moving. "This is a new phenomenon. Darkness I'm getting used to; but I object to hearing voices."

Was he mad, then, as well as blind, that he talked to himself? Maisie's heart beat more wildly and she breathed in gasps. Dick rose and began to feel his way across the room, touching each table and chair as he passed. Once he caught his foot on a rug, and swore, dropping on his knees to feel what the obstruction might be. Maisie remembered him walking in the park as though all the earth belonged to him, tramping up and down her studio two months ago, and flying up the gangway of the Channel steamer. The beating of her heart was making her sick, and Dick was coming nearer, guided by the sound of her breathing. She put out a hand mechanically to ward him off or to draw him to herself, she did not know which. It touched his chest, and he stepped back as though he had been shot.

It's Maisie!" said he, with a dry sob. "What are you doing here?"

"I came—I came—to see you—please."

Dick's lips closed firmly.

"Won't you sit down, then? You see, I've had some bother with my eyes, and——"

"I know. I know. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't write."

"You might have told Mr. Torpenhow."

"What has he to do with my affairs?"

"He—he brought me from Vitry-sur-Marne. He thought I ought to see you."

"Why, what has happened? Can I do anything for you? No, I can't. I forgot."

"Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry! I've come to tell you, and—— Let me take you back to your chair."

"Don't! I'm not a child. You only do that out of pity. I never meant to tell you anything about it. I'm no good now. I'm down and done for. Let me alone!"

He groped back to his chair, his chest laboring as he sat down. Maisie was afraid no more.

"I shan't!" she said, settling herself on the arm of the chair. "You belong, now, Dickie, and I've come up all these stairs, and—and—and——" Here the tears began, with unromantic snivelling and mopping of the cheeks. He was trembling under the touch of her hand on his shoulder, but his face was turned away from her.

"Dick, you aren't going to be selfish, now I've come back? I'm sorry. Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"I knew that was all. Won't you leave me alone? I shall have to suffer for this afterward."

"You won't". She bent down and whispered in his ear. When the fountains of the great deep are broken up, there follow rain and miracles. "Yes, I do," she said flushing crimson. "My darling, I do. I don't care; you can sulk as much as you like and I won't be angry. I've been a villain—a wicked little villain. Shall I go down on my knees and tell you so? Don't be stupid, Dickie. It's no use pretending. You know you care for me."

"I do! God knows I do!"

"What nonsense, then, pretending to be selfish!" The voice grew unsteady. "D'you remember the Dover boat? Take *that*, then, and be sensible. Oh, help me, Dick!" she whispered. "I can't make love all by myself."

The unspoken argument clinched all, and Maisie was in Dick's arms, crying as though her heart would burst.

"Hush, dear. Hush. What's the use of worrying? It's all right now," said Dick, stroking the head on his shoulder.

"We did belong, Dick, didn't we? It was my fault—all my fault," Maisie whimpered, her face hidden.

"I like that fault. Be more faultsome."

"'Course you did." She laughed through her tears. "I—I had to do all the—all the love making. It was horrible!"

"It was only me; what did it matter? If it had been a strange man you might have objected. And then again you took me on my blind side."

"That's an ugly word, and you aren't going to use it any more."

"But it's true, dear. I'd give everything, except you, to see your face again. But I'm blind."

Maisie thought for a minute till love gave her pure reason. "That's nonsense too. Listen, stupid. You said ten years were nothing. And they weren't. We belonged just the same. Now, do you remember out on the flats, with the pistol, when my hair got into your eyes?" Dick caught the click of hair pins, and Maisie's long locks fell about his face. "You couldn't see now if you tried ever so hard. Let's

VALUABLE FIRE CLAY.

There has been a big find of fire clay not more than a hundred miles from Altoona, and the finder is the fortunate ex-Sheriff Miles Walker, of Bellefonte. Mr. Walker has been here nearly two weeks for the purpose of having his clay tested at the Allegheny fire clay works, under the supervision of Curtis Moyer, who is an expert in that line of business. Under his supervision the clay has been fully tested and proves to be superior to any material of that kind ever presented for a full and fair fire test. The bricks have been subjected to a high heat test and turn out well. The writer, who has had some years of experience in fire clay, carefully examined the material, and found the full section to consist of a large bed more than twenty-two feet in thickness—something unusual in the line of fire clay.

The section by measurement shows twelve feet of good brown clay, two feet of fine soft white clay, two feet solid clay not quite so fine and six feet of homogeneous material showing a clay of extraordinary character, and making, in all, twenty-two feet of good clay, and the shaft not yet down to the bottom.

Mr. Walker owns 1,800 acres all underlaid with this clay, and with any kind of encouragement he will go on and put up works for its manufacture.—Altoona *Tribune.*

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We made this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00

JOSH BILLINGS once said that hash was like faith, being "the substance of things hoped for, but the evidence of things unseen." We are living in an era when a great deal of the food on the market is attended with the same degree of uncertainty which Josh saw in the dish of hash. The unfortunate buyer goes to the market for butter and gets oleo; he calls for lard and gets a compound of cotton seed oil, tallow, etc., he pays for sugar and takes home glucose; he treats himself to a box of imported sardines and goes home to feast on American minnows, he orders jelly and spreads his bread with colored gelatine; he partakes of the tempting cake with which the good wife has taken such pains, and the alum residue of the adulterated baking powder sets its baneful brand upon his stomach; he tries to procure pure cider vinegar, but is compelled to use it with the comforting assurance of probabilities that it is some vile compound of acids; and so on to the end of the chapter—which includes everything capable of any cheap process of adulteration.—[Colman's Rural World·

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelpha.
s 24-1 y

Work of the Pension Office.

During the week claims were received, of which 152 were original invalid, 160 widows, 4 bounty land, 54 navy, 27 old war, 134 accrued, 2,038 applications for increase; act of Jnre 27 ,1890, 3,565 original invalid, 687 widows.

Number of claims received to date under act of June 27, 1890, 701,662. Claims disposed of to date under said act, 244,768

Number of rejected claims reopened, 122. The names and postoffice addresses of 1,886 comrades were furnished for the use of claimants. There were 89,768 pieces of mail matter received; 64,557 letters and blanks sent out.

Number of cases detailed to Special Examiners, 400; reports and cases from Special Examiners, 306; cases on hand for special examination, 3,923.

Report of certificates issued: Original, 4,434; increase, 2,565; duplicate, 1; accrued, 101; total, 7,100. Total number of claims pending, 906.632.

ALMOST KILLED.

I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over $100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months, and now I am well.—*Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y.*

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.—The London Lancet has been laying great stress on the importance of sleep to those who would live a long and useful life. Seven to nine hours, according to the temperament and constitution, is the modicum that ought to be taken, and the greatest regularity of the hours of slumber the better its effects are. The public is urged not to unduly prolong the day, for man, in common with most of the animal creation, has accepted the plain suggestion of nature that the approach of night should imply a cessation of effort. If he ignores this principle his work is done against inherited habit, and so far with additional fatigue. The practice of working by artificial light is strangly deprecated, and the Lancet shows that the old custom of early rest and early waking is certain to prove in future, as returns of longevity and common experience have shown, that it has proved in the past most conducive to healthy and active life.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

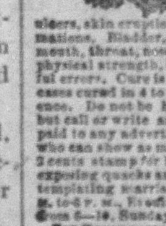
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For References see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

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CURE GUARANTEED.

BUSINESS MEN'S CARNIVAL

AN EVENING OF PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

For one month the talk of the town has been the prospoped business men's carnival. Thursday night the carnival was held in Garman's opera house, and we have no hesitancy in saying that never before in the history of the writer has there been any kind of entertainment held in Bellefonte that created the interest or drew forth such a large and fashionable audience as the carnival held Thursday night. Every seat in the opera house was reserved before opening time and when the doors opened standing room only was the cry, and by the time the entertainment commenced even standing room was pretty well taken up.

It was just 8 o'clock when the State College orchestra struck up an overture soon after the curtain went up showing Garman's match team of bloods, with their silver mounted harness. Shortly after the entertainment proper began with Master James Lane delivering a nice little speech in behalf of Mr. Fauble's clothing store, and from then on the entertainment was one continuous surprise, as handsome and unique costumes, worn by lovely Misses or charming young ladies sallied forth from the stage settings, while the verse or literary part of the entertainment was original, entertaining, witty and wise. To do justice to the entertainment it would be necessary to make mention individually of every person that took part in it; but this, time and space will not permit us to do so we must be content with giving a list of the places represented and the name of the person who represented them, which is as follows:

M Fauble, Jim Lane; McCargar, Fannie Knicely; Keller, Hattie Wagner; Wm Lyon, Mary Hunter; Lyon & Co, Lizzie Allen; W T Achenbach, Pansy Blanchard; Jared Harper, Olive Steele; H H Herr, Mattie Faxon; James Schofield, Annie Curtin; Nailworks, Cora Dreifuss; Cole, Sallie Knapp; Eureka, Martha Lane; Gazette, Helen Malin; LeVan, Blaine Feidler; James Potter, Daniel Keller; Joe Parson, Sara McGinnis; F B Stover, Mary Kramer; Boiler Works, Nellie Ryan; Watchman, Daisy Heverly; E Brown, { Ottilie Hughes / Adaline Lyon;

Gas and Steam Works, Sabra Campbell; Cowher,

G T Bush, Louise Calloway; A G Morris & Sons,

W McClure, Nell Valentine; Lose & Co, Gertie Bloomindale; Telephone Co, Freda Baum; McSulley, Mary McSulley; Rountree, Annie Bartley;

Mott, { Gertie Kramer, / Lena Christ, / Maggie Steele; } Oliger, Gregg

Curtin; Nighthart, Myrtle Longacre; Otto, Edith Otto; Glenn, Mable Fauble; McQuistion, Myra Carson; Ed Rowe, Wm Flack; Gheen, Blanche Underwood; Blackford, Grace Blackford; E Straub, Kate Jones; Post Office, Uncle Sam's boys; Naginey, Kate Benner; Dr Ward, Lily Kuntz;

K Brown, Lizzie Murry; J I McClure, Kate Sheffler; Logan Machine Works, Bella McCumpsy; Brachbill, Luther Hughes, Lewin, Jay Woodcock; S Loeb Chase Kase Montgomery & Co, Paul Fortney; Axe Works, Paul Houck; R A Beck W Rankin, Lena Baum; Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co, Bertie Noll; C T Gerbrick Adeline Harris Frank Galbraith, Urilla Bossner; Williams Penmanship, Mollie Crotty; Nolan & Bro, Kate Swaverley; Shirk, Maud Heburn; Joseph & Co. Edith Holtz; M Graham, Robt Stuart; Mills, N Pennington; Aikens, Mary Sourbeck, Ceader, Lulu Hoy; Electric Light, Maud Campbell: Snyder Sister, M Boutier; Garman & Lukenbach, Liddie Whippo, F Cunningham, Jennie Longacre; Hoover & Miller, Bessie Stroop. W Meyers, Roy Tripple; Mingle, Lily Maitland; Bosh, Agnes Wagner; McFarlane, Jennie Hull; Waite, Rhoda Gunsollus, Jackson Crider & Hastings, Lottie Crittenden; Brokerhoff House, Anna Shutt; Bush House, Blanche Long; Traveler, Lizzie Taylor, Abe Baum, Fannie Baum; Centre Democrat, Isabella Taylor; Daily News, Blanche McGarvey; Telegraph, Fannie Elmore; Sourbeck, Mamie Jamison; Brockerhoff Mills, Maggie Teats; E K Rhoads, Bertha Atwood; Robb, Georgie Krebbs, Finkbinder Mary Steele: M Cunningham, Louisa Kellerman;

Jenkins & Lingle, Alice Dorworth; Parish, Grace McBride; McCulley, Mabel Gramley; Ed Garman, Clara Waite; McCalmont, Mary Wright; F P Green, Tessie Peters; Phoenix Planing Mill, Emma Sheffler; Shuey, Lide Benner; Jno. Anderson, Nellie Anderson; J A Harper, Mabel Cowdrick; Adams Express, Tessie Lyon; Twitmire, Ella Twitmire; P R R Marguerite Potter; Jackson & Co, Grace Lukenbach; A J Cruse, Aurora Moore; Ed Powers, Mary Haffer; First National Bank, Rebecca Blanchard; P B Crider & Son, Meda

Boggs; Wilkinson, { Clara Meese, / Mary Underwood,

Miss Graham, Mamie Gentzel; Racket, Maud Spigelmyer; Beezer, Grace Ginter; Achenbach Bakery, Gertie Bouse; Bellefonte Supply House, Maggie Bell; Schreyer Mary DeSilva; Zeller, Jennie Irvin; Williams & Co, Hannah Hamilton; Dr Rhone, Rosa Levy; J Meese, Tillie Wilson; Blair & Co, Carrie Noll; E Cooke, Emma Krider; Sechler & Co, Anna Sechler; Lingle, Maud Harper; Larimer, Helen Hastings;

Education, { Fred Meek, / May Taylor,

Shaeffer, Chas Noll;

The programme was divided into four divisions, or acts, and was interspersed with music and marches rendering it very entertaining, and the whole thing ending with a grand tableau and the finale of the entire one hundred or more voices rendering the chorus "The Red White and Blue.

The business men's carnival was a pronounced success, and that it was is due in a great measure to the untiring efforts of Messrs, Will Furst and James Hughes, the two young men who had the affair in charge.

They deserve great credit for what they have done and they can further rejoice that their work was for so good a cause as the benefitting of the Young Men's Christian Association. The jubilee will be repeated on Saturday night when the price of admission will be but 25 cents to all parts of the house, and we bespeak another full house.

Serious Danger.

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Consitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

—Rev. Father McArdle arrived home from his foreign trip on Monday evening at 8.49. A large gathering of friends and and members of his church were present to welcome him home and their kind thoughfulness almost overcome their pastor. However, he quickley recovered himself and the evening proved to be a very pleasant and entertaining one·

To Our Subscribers.

The Special Announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a 6–11t.

—Mr. Charles T. Noll is now offering for sale a newly patented burglar alarm which, he says, will insure one in the evening when they retire to bed that when they get up in the morning they will be able to find their trousers just where they had left them, and not out in some neighbor's side alley, and Charley knows what an inconvenience that is.

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Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by any other remedy.
Ask your druggist for Swayna's Ointment.
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READ THIS.

When suffering from Malaria or Bilious Fever, don't wreck your general health with quinine or other nauseous drugs. Humphreys' Specific Nos. Ten and Sixteen effect a speedy and permanent cure.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
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Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

GERMANTOWN, N.Y., Nov. 2, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

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EUGENE DEWITT.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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Used by men, women and children.



Brother come out and let me be inside. Will my face and hands be red, too?
Of course they will sister, because Papa painted the window with
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A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH.
10c.—A BOTTLE—10c.
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$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine.
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Pitcher's Castoria.

SWINDLING BY MAIL.

WILY RASCALS WHO WORK SCHEMES BY MEANS OF LETTERS.

Not So Successful as Formerly—Some Notable Cases Recalled—How the Swindlers Operated—Various Devices Employed to Trap the Unwary.

The schemes by which swindlers use the mails for fraudulent purposes are as various as they are numerous. From the begging letter writer, who appeals to the charity of the rich, to the "green goods" man, who plays upon the cupidity of the ignorant, they all rely upon the credulity of human nature to gain their ends. And it is surprising how many victims they find.

Everybody remembers the clever rascal who succeeded recently in duping a number of Senators and other high officials at Washington. He wrote them each a letter, stating that his wife had just presented him with a son, whom he had taken the liberty to name after the distinguished individual addressed. The number of golden coins and silver cups and pap spoons, he received as a return for his fabricated compliment will never be known. When the trick was discovered the whole country enjoyed a laugh at the expense of the deceived great men.

Some years ago a man was arrested in West Virginia who sent to the persons he proposed to bleed letters worded as follows:

"A lady who boarded with me died on last Saturday of apoplexy. She left a trunk containing one very fine lady's gold watch and chain, one lady's gold necklace, six lady's finger rings, earrings, and and a great deal of clothing. Among other things was a letter addressed to you. I suppose you to be a relative of the deceased, and want to send you the trunk. When Miss —— died she left a board bill unpaid amounting to $20.50. You will please send this amount by return mail, and the trunk will be forwarded to you immediately."

This particular form of the confidence game is very old, yet the swindler had succeeded in maintaining himself in a dashing style, by means of it, for some time prior to his arrest.

A still more ingenious swindler was William Parker, who gained an international notoriety by his epistolary efforts. He made England the basis of his operations. Representing himself, under various assumed names, to be a physician of standing on this side of the Atlantic, he wrote to numerous parties in England that certain distant relatives of theirs, clandestinely in the United States, had died at his house in indigent circumstances, leaving an abundance of good land in Texas, but no ready cash to meet expenses of the last sickness and burial, all of which he had borne and for which he now desired to be indemnified.

Playing his game cautiously, Parker would select a town where he was unknown, visiting the place but twice, once to send abroad his letters, the second time to receive the replies to them. Then he would disappear, to pursue the same tactics in another locality. Among the persons he endeavored to impose upon was the Rev. S. E. N. Molesworth, vicar of Rochdale, Lancashire. He wrote to him that two months before a young Englishman, Edmund Molesworth, had arrived at Connellsville, Penn., sick and friendless. The quick sympathies of the doctor's wife had been enlisted by the helpless condition of the stranger, and she proposed to have him removed to their own house. Since then she had waited over him with the tenderness of a sister. That very morning the young man had handed him a paper containing the address of the English clergyman, whom he claimed as a distant relative, with a request that he be written to without delay to remit enough to defray the expenses of the funeral, as he could die easier if he knew he was not to be buried by the hands of charity. "If you see fit to send me any money for his funeral," the supposed doctor continued, "you can do so. If not, I shall see that he is not buried by the town. For my own and my wife's services he is heartily welcome."

In response to this appeal, Dr. Molesworth purchased a draft for ten pounds and mailed it to Parker. After reflecting a day or two, however, he came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a swindle, and wrote to the London Post Office to have the letter intercepted. But it had already gone forward. Accordingly the London postmaster cabled the circumstances of the case to the department at Washington, and the office at Connellsville was immediately notified. When Parker appeared to claim his letter he was placed under arrest. When brought to trial he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment for eighteen months.

In 1872 a law was passed, making it a penal offense to use the mails for defrauding others, and the Postmaster-General was authorized to forbid the payment of postal money orders to persons engaged in fraudulent lotteries, gift enterprises and other schemes for swindling the public, and to instruct postmasters to return to the writers all registered letters addressed to such persons, with the word "fraudulent" written or stamped on the outside. Prior to the enactment of this law the most wholesale and audacious operations were conducted by professional cheats through the facilities afforded by the mails.

New York was the headquarters of numerous lottery concerns and gift enterprize schemes, and the country was flooded with circlars, calculated to entrap the ignorant and unwary. They appealed to the same class of people as the sawdust swindlers, procuring lists of names in the same way. A common method of procedure was to send an advertisement announcing a coming lottery drawing with the various prizes to be drawn, together with one or more tickets duly numbered. A few weeks later another letter was sent to the intended victim, informing him that the ticket of the number forwarded to him had drawn a prize, the value of which was variously stated from a few hundred to many thousand dollars. He was then requested to send immediately ten dollars, more or less, to pay for the ticket, ten or twenty dollars more for additional charges, when, he was told, the face value of the prize would be forwarded to him by express or in any other way he might direct. He was also told to ante-date the letter, the intermediary promising to blur the postmark on the envelope to correspond, so that the remittance would appear to have been sent prior to the drawing.

The victims of this trick were counted by thousands, exposures and warnings being alike disregarded.—N. Y. News

Just as Bad.

Bardley—That new shirt of yours looks pretty well worn out, old man.

Charley—Yes. I had it nearly destroyed by powder last week.

Bardley—Is that so! Gun exploded?

Charley—No, it was washing powder.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

JEWISH PUNISHMENTS.

How Criminals Were Put to Death Four Thousand Years Ago.

In a work on the criminal code of the Jews, Mr. Benny gives an interesting account of the various modes of punishment of those convicted under the Hebrew law of capital offenses. In accordance with the Mosaic code four kinds of death were inflicted, each appropriate to a distinct series of crimes. These were stoning, strangling, burning and decapitation. Nothing can be more absurd, says the author, than the notions generally current respecting the manner in which these punishments were carried out among the Jews. The stoning of the Bible and of the Talmud was not, commonly supposed, a pell mell casting of stones at a criminal; the burning had nothing whatever in common with the process of consuming by fire a living person as practiced by the churchman of the Middle Ages; nor did the strangling bear any resemblance to the English method of putting criminals to death.

The stoning to death of the Talmud was as follows: The criminal was conducted to an elevated place, divested of his attire if a man, and then hurled to the ground below. The height of the eminence from which he was thrown was always more than fifteen feet; the higher, within certain limits, the better. The violence of the concussion caused death by dislocating the spinal cord. The elevation was not, however, to be so high as to greatly disfigure the body.

This was a tender point with the Jews; man was created in God's image, and it was not permitted to desecrate the temple shaped by heaven's own hand. The first of the witnesses who had testified against the condemned man acted as executioner, in accordance with Deut. xvii., 7. If the convict fell face downward, he was turned on his back. If he was not quite dead, a stone, so heavy as to require two persons to carry it, was taken to the top of the eminence whence he had been thrown; the second of the witnesses then hurled the stone so as to fall upon the culprit below. This process, however, was seldom necessary.

A criminal sentenced to death by burning was executed in the following manner: A shallow pit, some two feet deep, was dug in the ground. In this the culprit was placed, standing upright. Around his legs earth was shoveled and battered firmly down until he was fixed up to his knees in the soil. Movement on the part of the condemned person was of course impossible; but care was taken that the limbs should not be painfully constrained.

A strong cord was now brought, and a very soft cloth wrapped around it. This was passed once or twice around the offender's neck. Two men then came forward; each grasped an end of the rope and pulled hard. Suffocation was immediate. As the condemned man felt the strain of the cord, and insensibility supervened, the lower jaw dropped. Into the mouth thus opened a lighted wick was quickly thrown. This constituted the burning.

Decapitation was performed by the Jews after the fashion of the surrounding nations. It was considered the most humiliating, the most ignominious, and degrading death that any man could suffer. It was the penalty in cases of assination and deliberate murder. It was incurred by those who wilfully and wantonly slew a fellow man with a stone or iron. It was likewise the punishment meted out to all persons who resided in a town, the inhabitants of which had allowed themselves to be seduced to idolatry and paganism. Strangulation was a form of death by suffocation. It was effected as in burning.

The culprit stood up to his knees in loose earth. A soft cloth containing a cord was wound once round his neck. The ends being pulled in opposite directions, life was soon extinct. These four deaths, as above described, were the only modes of execution in accordance with Hebrew law.—Current Literature.

A Family Affair.

An interesting family history was revealed recently by a serious of advertisements in one of the Berlin papers. "All people are hereby warned," read the first announcement, "not to give credit to my husband Adolph Schultze, as I shall not pay the bills. Augusta Schultze." On the following day Adolph replied: "Regarding the announcement of my wife, I wish to say that I, in turn, warn all people against entrusting her with money or selling her goods. She ran away from me, but I have the cash box." A few days later the third notice appeared and read as follows: "As my parents, Adolph Schultze and his wife, Augusta, born Buettner, have separated and are making debts in my name, I hereby declare that I shall be responsible no longer for their actions. Ernst Schultze." After two weeks the fourth advertisement was printed. "All people," it said, "will no doubt laugh at the warning of our son to give us no credit. We do not need to make debts in his name. He who gives his children bread and suffers in his old age, should be made away with. Amen. Augusta Schultze, born Buettner. Adolph Schultze."

The Hole Shuts Up.

The Danish Government, which is active in perfecting its small but powerful fleet, has given a practical demonstration of the value of cellulose as a defense against the entrance of water, following the piercing of a ship-of-war by a projectile. The vessel upon which the experiment was tried was the Hecla, the latest addition to the fleet. While at anchor another cruiser, the Absalom, took position about forty-five yards from the Hecla, which is protected with an inside lining of cellulose three feet thick. The Absolom discharged a projectile from a five-inch gun, which pierced the Hecla at a point near the bow, and at the water line. The latter immediately got under way and cruised about for three hours, the water in the meantime flowing freely above the holes caused by the shot. The The cellulose, which dilated upon contact with the water, gave results apparently efficient, inasmuch as the compartment which had been pierced, at the conclusion of the three hours' cruise, contained but a trifling quantity of water.—N. O. Picayune.

His Appetite Unimpaired.

Boy (with basket)—Please, mum, give me some dinner for my poor, sick father?

Kind Lady—Look here, I've been giving you dinner for your sick father for two weeks, and I saw him yesterday on the street, and he's no more sick than I am.

Boy—Yes, mum, he isn't sick any more, but he eats just the same as ever.—Texas Siftings.

Part Would Do.

He (tenderly)—Don't you feel chilly, darling? Wouldn't you like my coat to put around you?

She (shyly)—I think your sleeve will be sufficient.—Boston Courier.

A GRAND DISCOVERY.

SOMETHING FOR WEAK, TIRED WOMEN

You women, salesgirls; and you who are confined in offices, mills and factories, how heavy is your drudgery, how wearing upon your nerves, how exhausting to your strength, how blighting to your beauty. You are often nervous, generally weak and always tired. You feel languid, low spirted, lifeless and miserable, experience a faintness, sense of fullness or bloating after meals, irregular appetite, constipation headache, weak unrefreshed from sleep, have Malaria weak back, backache, bearing down pains, irregularities.

The great nerve invigorant and female restorative is Dr. Greene's Nervura. No remedy in the world is so sure to restore strength to the weakened and wornout nerves. It is the greatest of all uterine tonics and regulators, and perfectly and completely cures all female weakness. Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists sell it, $1,00.



"I AM SO WEAK AND NERVOUS."

"I have been a sufferer from weakness, nervousness and painful menstruation. I used Dr. Greene's Nervura It acted like magic. Why do women suffer when Dr. Greene's Nervura will surely cure them?

PAULINE KAYSER.
58 Connon St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

N. B. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases; 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned free.

7TH PENN'A CAVALRY ASSOCIATION

Will hold their 14th annual reunion at Troy, Bradford County, Pa., Tuesday and Wednesday, October 27th and 28th, 1891. Reduced railroad fare will be furnished by applying to George F. Steahlin, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill County, Pa.

HELP TO MOTHERS NURSING.

Mothers who have the care and draught of nursing infants, need the aid of strengthening tonic to make up the nourishment required for the growth of the child. Ale, porter, and lager beer have often been recommended. Of late, since physicians have become aware that the Port Wine produced by Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. is strictly pure, they have prescribed it instead of ale or porter, as being more blood making. This wine is principally sought for by mothers who have nursing infants at the breast, as the best supplying medium to be found. The wine is rich in body and not intoxicant but gently stimulating and makes good blood. Druggists generally keep it, and sell it for a dollar a bottle.—*Enquirer*.

—Go to Mrs. Gilmour's on Thursday and see the handsome line of millinery and trimmings she will then open to the public for the first time. o 7 2 t.

He said: "My love I am sorry to disappoint you about the picnic, but my trotter has a lame foot." That's nothing! We've got plenty of Salvation Oil.

The Detroit Free Press Fiend has been punning on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. His is only gratitude, for all thiuking men know its merits.

—Mrs. Gilmour will hold her semi-annual opening of fall and winter millinery to-morrow (Thursday.) Don't fail to go around and see the elegant display. o 7-2 t

"A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."—Mrs. Jackson Portsmouth, N. H.

I was so much troubled with catrrrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

The combined circulation of the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Seed-Time and Harvest*, and *Farm Poultry*, will soon exceed one million copies. All three will be sent one year for only one dollar by the Seed-Time and Harvest Co., La Plume, Pa. a 31—2 m.

If your baby is restless while teething, get Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup: a dose of it will relieve the little sufferer at once. Only 25 cents a bottle.

A box of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure is invaluable for catarrh, infinenza or cold in the head.

Liberal salary and expenses paid. See advertisement in another column headed Good Salary by Sears, Henry & Co., Geneva, N. Y. They are a reliable firm.

The peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

MILK! MILK! MILK!

I. M. HARVEY, Dairyman.

Best of Milk furnished. Delivered at your door early and regularly every morning in Bellefonte. *Milk from one cow furnished for Infants.* Popular prices. Patronage solicited Any call will receive prompt attention by

I. M. HARVEY, Milesburg, Pa
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FOODS OF THE FUTURE.

Nuts One of the Most Valuable—Large Returns from Their Culture.

Learned men of the present day are much exercised about the kind of food necessary to produce the greatest amount of muscular health and strength, says Vick's Magazine, and nuts of all kinds have been pronounced by them par excellence as an article of diet. Besides the beauty of nut trees and the gastronomic utility of their fruits, nut plantations seem to be rapidly making fortunes for those who have been sage enough to invest in them.

Chief Van Dieman of the Department of Agriculture predicts that the cultivation of nuts will soon be one of the greatest and most profitable industries in the United States. The large returns from individual trees and immense profits from established orchards have stimulated the interest, and our foremost enterprising fruit growers are planting nut trees largely for market purposes; others who enjoy nuts during the winter are realizing that they may be had in abundance for the mere trouble of planting.

The pecan is the nut of the future, Mr. Van Dieman thinks, but he forecasts large returns from walnuts, chestnuts, pine and hazelnuts, almonds, filberts, &c. "A grower in Florida has now a grove of 4,000 pecan trees six years old; when they begin to bear their products will be worth $100,000 yearly at wholesale." But this is counting chickens too soon. "Mr. C. H. Daniels, of Georgia, has a pecan tree which bears annually from ten to fifteen bushels of nuts, which sell readily at wholesale for $4 and $5 per bushel." Col. Stuart, of Ocean Springs, Miss., who has made a wide reputation as a successful cultivators says:

"I planted those large paper-shell pecan nuts when I was fifty-seven years old, and and now, at sixty-nine, I tell you they help me to live. I got 170 pounds from one tree last fall, sold 105 pounds for $105, and planted the remainder of them, and have raised a fine lot of young trees, which are for sale. Pecan culture, planting the very large nuts, I consider one of the safest and best paying industries a man can engage in." This combined cloud of witnesses and figures certainly does make orange-growing and tobacco-raising seem much less tempting.

The pecan forests of Texas furnish large quantities of pecans to the markets of New Orleans, whence they are shipped to Europe, where they are said to bring a higher price than any other nut. This Hicoria pecan is a native tree growing from Southern Indiana to the Gulf of Mexico. Valuable new varieties are being obtained, which are propagated by grafting and sold for fancy prices. Hicoria pecan is known in our botanies as *Carya olivaformis*, but the genus was first named Hicoria, and the right of priority of the name has recently been recognized.

It is a beautiful symmetrical, and rapid-growing tree, with luxuriant, light green foliage, much narrower than that of any other hickory. Its nuts are oblong, smooth, and thin-shelled, with sweet and delicious kernels. There is a fine specimen tree in the grounds of the Capitol at Washington. The trees are generally planted forty-eight to the acre, covering the fresh nuts where they are to grow in the fall, as is the rule in planting all nut trees.

Gamblers' Superstitions.

"When I used to gamble," said a good citizen, "if I won I always made it a point to buy new clothes, or pay my board a month ahead, or buy a diamond or something like that. That's the only sure way to beat the game. Men who don't do that get the worst of it.

"All gamblers are superstitious. I defy any man to handle a pack of cards any length of time and not get a lot of superstition mixed up with it. Cards will come so peculiarly. Sometimes a peculiarity will last only one night.

"I remember playing poker one evening and having every hand beaten that had a ten spot in it. Big hands, too, some of them. I had four tens beaten that night by four jacks, and I had seen an ace in the discard, too.

"Another weakness I can't shake off is horror for the queen of spades. I won't draw to queens, anyhow, unless I've got three of them, but I'm afraid of the queen of spades especially. I won't draw to a hand, no matter what I've got, if the queen of spades is there. I've tried it, and I never made a win."—Kansas City Star.

The Man-Faced Crab.

One of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world-famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie; a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the matter of facial features, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the side of its face. Besides these legs, two "feelers," each about an inch in length, grow from the "chin" of the animal, looking for all the world like a Colonel's forked beard. These man-faced crobs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan.

A Snow-Like Pain Benumber.

The use of solid carbonic acid as an anæsthetic has been patented by Dr. Robert Wiesendanger of Hamburg. When the liquefied gas is poured from the iron cylinders in which it is compressed it rushes out in the form of white mist, which may be collected as flakes of pure carbonic acid snow, and pressed into solid masses that will last for several hours. The solidified carbonic acid produces great cold, which may be made to benumb any part of the body to such an extent that minor surgical operations are made painless. In the experiments made at a Hamburg hospital it was tried on a boy of thirteen with such success that he watched, without shrinking, while a deep cut five inches long was made in his leg

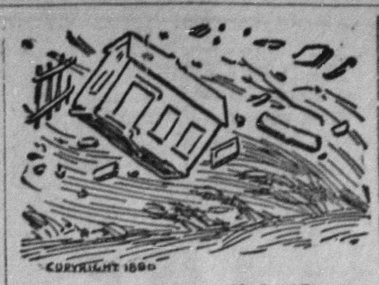
One Way to Spell Potato.

Considering the state of the crops and the anxiety expressed by our spelling, the following exercise may be appropriate. Who invented it is unknowh to me, but it sounds like Dr. Wayland of Philadelphia, a fonetik parson: "What does this spell—Ghoughphtheightteeau?" Well, according to the following rule, it spells potato. Gh stands for p, as in the last letters of hiccough; ough for o, as in dough; phth for t, as in phthisis; eigh stands for a, as in neighbor; tte stands for t, as in gazette, and eau stands for o, as in beau. Thus you have p-o-t-a-t-o.—Boston Advertiser.

Cause for Anxiety.

Visitor—What a great head of hair Johnny has!

Johnny's father (with some uneasiness)—Yes, and we can't get him to take any care of it. It worries me a good deal. I am afraid the boy is going to be either an anarchist or a poet.—Chicago Tribune.



A building up of the entire system follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine — and a certain remedy for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. For periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhea and kindred ailments, it is a positive specific—a *guaranteed* one. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on these terms. With an ordinary medicine, it can't be done.

That's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte, Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
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Seines, Tents, Nets and Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns choke bored $8 to $50. Single Breech Loading Shot Guns, $4 to $25; Breech Loading and Repeating Rifles, $3 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double shot Guns, $5 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers $1 to $20; Double Action Self Cockers, $2.50 to $10; All kinds of Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Powder, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Primers. Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun Works, 706 Smithfield St Pittsburgh, Pa. August 21st

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

A. C. MOORE.....AGENT.
—POST OFFICES:—
Milesburg and Bellefonte, Penna.
ja7-d&w-6m.

Help Wanted.

WANTED. A good girl for general housework Apply at or address 147 East Lamb St. tf

ELECTION PROCLAMATION—IN THE NAME OF GOD Save the Commonwealth. I, Wm. A Ishler High Sheriff of the County of Centre Commonwealth of Pennsylvania do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the County aforesaid that an election will be held in the said County of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER, 3, 1891.

for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, to wit:

One person for Auditor General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

One person for Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

Two persons for Jury Commissioners of Centre county.

Twenty-seven persons as delegates at large to a convention to revise and amend the Constitution of this State, each voter to vote for not more than eighteen candidates.

Three persons as district delegates to a convention to revise and amend the Constitution of this State from this (20th) Senatorial District, and each voter to vote for not more than two candidates

The qualified voters shall also vote "For or Against" holding a convention to amend the Constitution of this State.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places for holding the aforesaid elections in the several boroughs and twp's. with in the County of Centre are as follows, to wit;

For the township of Haines (eastern precinct,) at the public school house at Wood-Ward.

For the township of Haines (western precinct.) at the public house of T. G. Edmunds Aaronsburg.

For the township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of gregg, (northern precinct) at Murray's school house

For the township of Gregg (southern precinct,) at th dwelling house owned by J B. Fisher, at Penn Hall

For the borough of Centre Hall, at the public school house in said borough.

For the township of Potter (northern precinct) at the public school house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (southern precinct,) at the public house occupied by S. D. Burris.

For the township of College (Eastern precinct,) at the school house in Lemont.

For the township of College (western precinct,) at the public hotel of S. S. Grieb.

For the township of Ferguson (old precinct,) at the hotel of J. A. Decker in Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson (new precinct) at the old school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, at the Union Hotel in Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the North ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the court house in Bellefonte.

For the South ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the court house in Bellefonte.

For the West ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the court house in Bellefonte.

For the township of Benner, at the court house in Bellefonte.

For the township of Spring, (southern precinct,) at the hotel of Gotlieb Haag, in the village of Pleasant Gap.

For the township of Spring (northern precinct,) at the commissioners office, in the court house, Bellefonte.

For the township of Spring (western precinct,) at the public school house known as the Fair Grounds school house.

For the township of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the township of Howard, at the school house in the boro of Howard.

For the borough of Howard at the public school house in said borough.

For the township of Rush (northern precinct) in the school house at Cold Stream.

For the township of Rush (southern precinct) in the public school house in the village of Powelton.

For the township of Snow Shoe (eastern precinct) at the school house in the village of Snow Shoe.

For the township of Snow Shoe (western precinct) at the school house in the village of Moshannon.

For the township of Marion, at the school house in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs (eastern precinct) at Curtin's school house

For the township of Boggs (western precinct at the school house in Central City.

For the township of Boggs (northern precinct) at the public school house known as "Walker's School House.

For the township of Hutson, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Penn, at the public house kept by W. W. Bishel, at Coburn

For the borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evengelical church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the township of Union, at the school house in the boro of Unionville.

For the borough of Unionville, at the new schoolhouse in said borough.

For the First ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Wheelman's Club House, corner Beaver and Second streets.

For the second ward of the borough of philipsburg, at the public building, at the corner North Centre and Presquelsle streets.

For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the store of Wm. Hess, at the corner of Spruce and Ninth streets.

NOTICE is hereby given, "That every person excepting justice of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of the State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the legislative executive or judiciary department of this State or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising at the same time, the office or appointment of judge inspector or clerk of an election of this Commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office then voted for."

At all elections held under the law of this Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at 7 o'clock a. m. and closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED.

The qualified electors will take notice of the following Acts of Assembly, approved in March, 1866 "An Act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this commonwealth;"

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same. That the qualified voters of the several counties of this Commonwealth, at all general township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of all Judges of Courts voted for, and to be labeled outside Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all State officers voted for and be labeled "State" one ticket shall embrace the names of all County officers voted for, including officers of Senators and members of Congress if voted for and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all township officers voted for and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all borough officers voted for and be labeled "Borough;", and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot boxes.

To the Sheriff of Centre County Pa:

In compliance with the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly, entitled "An act to provide for a Convention to amend the Constitution, and the election of delegates thereto" approved the nineteenth day of June, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and ninety one, the duly qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall, at the general election to be held on the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November, next vote for or against holding a convention to amend the Constitution, and for members of said convention, if a majority of the voters in the Commonwealth favors such convention, according to the regulations provided in the several sections of said act as hereafter set forth, to wit:

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That at the general election to be held on the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November next, the duly qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall vote for or against holding a convention to amend the Constitution according to the regulations provided in the subsequent sections of this act.

Section 2. If at the said general election to be held as aforesaid, a majority of the electors of this Commonwealth shall declare in favor of a convention to amend the Constitution, the said convention shall be composed of delegates duly elected, and shall assemble as hereinafter provided.

Section. 3. At the general election to be held on the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November next, there shall be elected by the qualified electors of this Commonwealth, delegates to a convention to revise and amend the Constitution of this State The said convention shall consist of one hundred and seventy-seven members, to be elected in the manner following: Twenty-seven members shall be elected in the State at large Each voter of the State shall vote for not more than eighteen candidates, and the twenty-seven highest in vote shall be declared elected. One hundred and fifty delegates shall be apportioned to and elected from the the different Senatorial districts of the State three delegates to be elected for each senator therefrom; and in choosing said delegates, each voter shall be entitled to vote for not more than two of the members to be chosen from each Senatorial district, and the three candidates highest in vote shall be declared elected, and said delegates shall posses the qualifications at present required for members of the State Senate.

Section 4. The following regulations shall apply to the aforesaid election to be held on the Tuesday following the first Monday of November next, and to the return of the same

First. The said election shall be held and conducted by the proper election officers of the several election districts of the Commonwealth, and shall be governed and regulated in all respects by the general election laws of the Commonwealth, so far as the same be applicable thereto and not inconsistent with the provisions of this act.

Second. The tickets to be voted for or against a convention shall have on the inside "For a Constitutional Convention," and "Against a Constitutional Convention," and no other inscriptions thereon.

Third. The tickets to be voted for members at large shall have on the outside the words, "Delegates at Large," and on the inside the names of the candidates to be voted for, not exceeding eighteen in number.

Fourth. The tickets to be voted for district members shall have on the outside the words, "District Delegates," and on the inside the name or names of the candidates voted for, not exceeding the proper number limited as aforesaid, but any ticket that shall contain a greater number of names than the number for which the voter shall be entitled to vote shall be rejected.

Fifth. The return judges shall meet at the same places and at the same time after said election, and shall make out the returns thereof of the votes cast for delegates at large and for district delegates to be members of the said convention in the several counties of the Commonwealth, and shall follow the same form in making out their returns as prescribed for return judges in the case of an election for Governor, except that the said returns shall be transmitted to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and shall be addressed to the officer alone.

Now, therefore, in obedience to the requirements of the Act of the General Assembly aforesaid, you are hereby required to publish this notice with your proclamation for the holding of said general election.

WILLIAM F. HARRITY,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Given under my hand and seal at my office in Bellefonte, this 5th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred an ninety-one, and in the One Hundred and Fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff of Centre County.

Natural Shaving Strops.

There are now blooming in St. Augustine, Fla., sixteen plants of the agave Victoria regina species, or what is commonly called the century plant. A towering column rises out of the centre plant to the height of sixt feet, but it is often relegated to the rubbish heap as worthless, for the reason that as a thing of beauty it has no further charms for the eye. Yet many thousands of the shaving people of the old world utilize this shaft of the plant. They make use of it as a razor strop. Mr. W. Chambers, auditor of the East Coast railway line has had one in use for many years, and it shows not the slightest defect from wear and tear. The strop is made by taking the shaft of the agave and cutting it into lengths of twelve inches; these are split into four, or as many "quarters" as possible, allowing to each piece a sufficiency of the pulp or heart of the stalk to present a surface of not less than one inch on which to strop a razor. The heart hardens in time and presents a fine, soft and naturally lubricated surface for stropping a razor.

A church near Boston recently gave an entertainment for the benefit of one of its numerous charities, and at the end of the evening one of the gentlemen in charge was paying several people for their services in connection with the affair. Finally he approached the boy who had blown the organ, and said: "Well, Willie, how much do we owe you for your work this evening?" The boy looked at him in genuine surprise. "Why, Mr. W.," said he, "didn't the rest of the talent give their services?"

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Nauright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Good Blood, Good Health.

The Blood Searcher is the safest Purifier ever known. Best Tonic. Cures Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Ulcers, Black Heads, and all bad Blood. Sold by Druggists.

The Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PASTOR KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

St. Vitus Dance Cured! VIII.

SAN ANDREAS, Cal., February, 1889.

My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for two years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again. MICHAEL O'CONNEL.

BALTIMORE, June, 1890.

I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous trouble caused by overwork, and found it all that it is claimed to be. After using one bottle it had the desired effect, and I can truly recommend it to all suffering a like complaint, as a really wonderful remedy. SAML. THREW.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 19, '90.

For seven years my eldest daughter had fainting spells and spasms. Last June she took the first of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and since that time they have entirely ceased. JOHN GLOECKNER.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, June 24, 1891.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$1 00
Mixed wheat, per bushel	95
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	50
Rye per bushel	00
Corn (shelled)	70
Corn (ears)	70
Oats	50
Barley	60
Cloverseed, fair to good	4.00
do prime and extra prime	4.40
do choice	4.85
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 60
Flour, wholesale	6.10
Hay choice mixed, per ton	9.00
" prime timothy " "	9.50
" choice " " "	10 00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	15
Green apples, per bushel	3 00
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	16
Dried Currants, per pound	15
New Raisins, per pound	10—12½
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	19
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	12
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½—14
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	1 25
New Potatoes, per bushel	2 00
Dried beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	20
Country Sides, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	6—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	1—12½—15
Lemons, per dozen	40
Dried Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	1 00
Roller Flour, per sack	1 40

THEY WERE USED VERY EARLY IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.

The Chinese Date Them Back to Four or Five Thousand Years Before the Mosaic Date of Creation—Their Early Uses—Introduction into England.

The oft-told tale of the introduction of the umbrella into England is one of the least features of its interesting story, says the Clothier and Furnisher. Mr. Jonas Hanway, the distinguished philanthropist and founder of hospitals, was the chosen instrument of fortune. In his early days he was a great traveler, and visited not only the principal sights of Europe, but pushed his way far into Asia, voyaging through India and Persia to the confines of Chinese Tartary. It was of course therefore, impossibe that he should have escaped being impressed by the importance attached to the umbrella in the far Orient, and doubtless enjoyed the comfort of one in the lands where it was common. It was about the year 1750 that he made his memorable sally into Cheapside with the outlandish contrivances which brought upon him the derision of the populace, and upon that eventful occasion it proved quite as useful inwardingoff defunct felines, over-ripe eggs and assorted vegetables as in diverting the shower which it was opened against. Had Hadway been other than a man of character the Christian world might have waited another half century for the priceless boon bestowed upon it, but, as it was, he stuck to that umbrella for thirty years, finally dying in 1776 full of honors and with the satisfaction of leaving his cherished fad master of the situation. A small street near the British museum now bears his name.

The antiquity of the umbrella is undisputed. The Chinese, who in their lavish notions of antiquity, credit their institutions with centuries galore, think nothing of dating the first umbreila back to four or five thousand years anterior to the Mosaic date of creation. Many distinguished scholars have claimed to discover in the Bible reference to the existence of a shield against sun and rain, whilst the Sanscrit poets, writing when Latin was young, are full of allusions to it. Various have been the speculations as to the origin of the umbrella. Some say that the introducing of leafy branches into a sort of bower first suggested it, as the fig-leaf of father Adam gave the first mighty impulse to the clothing trade. Others, that the nomadic tent was the only natural prototype of what so strongly resembles it in miniature. In the Chaldaic sculptures of Ninevah the umbrella is of frequent occurrence, as shown by the excellent reproductions of Layard, who wrote concerning it: "The umbrella or parasol, that emblem of royalty so universally adopted by Eastern nations, was generally carried over the King in time of peace and sometimes even in war. In shape it resembled very closely those in common use; but it is always open in the sculptures. It was edged with tassels and was usually ornamented at the top with a flower or some other ornament."

The Chinese book of ceremonies, "Tcheou-Li," dated about 300 A. D., gives directions for the use of an umbrella to be borne over the Imperial car. In Hindoo mythology, it was with an umbrella borne over his head that Vishnu visited the infernal regions. The use of an umbrella in ancient Greece and Rome as an adjunct to the toilets of people of fashion and in several ceremonies is attested by countless quotations from such writers as Œlian, Pausanias, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Plutarch, Ovid, Martial, Juvenal, Pliny and others. The Greeks called it "skiadeion," and the Romans "umbrella" and "umbracula." The Roman umbrella was formed of skin and leather stretched on rods, and could be lowered when not in use. The honor of bearing it over the owner was reserved to the favorite slave or servant. Umbrellas formed part of the luxuries of wealthy Byzanites and Romans. The Emperor Claudian carrried a golden umbrella with a carved ivory handle. Gorius, a Roman writer, says that the Romans got it originally from the Etruscans. In Siam the king grants the right to employ the umbrella as a patent of nobility. The Indian and Persian title of satrap comes from the words Chi hatra-pati, or "lord of the umbrella," the Hindoo and Burmese for umbrella being "Chata." The king of Ava was "king of the white elephant and lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." The umbrella is, in fact, all over the East a mark of high rank.

The English word umbrella is very like the Latin, coming through the Italian ombrella or "little shade." The French, German, and Spanish and others give it a distinctive name, such as parapluie, regenschirm and paraguas. "Umbrella" and "parasol" are etymologically precisely the same thing, but custom has given them the distinctions that we understand to-day.

Umbrellas have always been intimately associated with religious services in Catholic churches. They were introduced in the church services of the Byzantine church, are borne over the Host in procession, and form part of the Pontifical regalia, as well as that of a cardinal. It is quite likely that the Cardinal's hat is derived from the umbrella. In Italian heraldry a vermilion umbrella in a field argent signifies dominion. The Harleian MSS. has at least one drawing of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman whose servant shades him with a sort of umbrella having a curved handle, and evidently not meant to close. The use of the parasol or sunshade far antedates that of the umbrella in France or England, where it was introduced, probably from China, in the seventeenth century, whence some Jesuit missionaries sent several, among other curiosities, to their friends in Paris. Robinson Crusoe's famous umbrella was, of course, a pleasant fiction emanating from the brain of his genial creator, but Daniel Defoe had probably seen umbrellas, as he said Crusoe did, in Brazil, where they have been in great popular use from the first settlement of that country to the present day. Umbrellas were early in use in England in the form of a large, unwieldy canopy, which stood just inside the door of great mansions, and was used by the footmen to shelter their masters in wet weather from door to carriage. Such were also held over clergymen conducting burial services under like circumstances. Gen. Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, when a young man, visited Paris in 1762 and remarked the then growing use of umbrellas. He approved of them, and wrote to a friend that he wondered they were not adopted in England, in view of their great utility. It was about this epoch in fact, that Hanway introduced them.

To be Continued.

"Mrs. Brown and I never quarrelled but once."

"What? I heard you two weeks ago, and I heard you again to-day."

"It was the same quarrel, sir."—N. Y. Sun.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

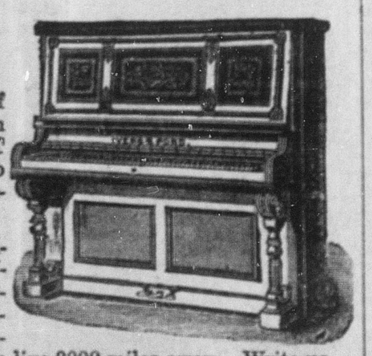
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

PIANOS

Catalogue showing pictures of our Pianos and telling about them MAILED FREE. Our patent SOFT STOP saves wear, making the Piano more durable, and stopping the annoying noise of practising.



We take OLD PIANOS in EXCHANGE, sell on EASY PAYMENTS, and send Pianos ON APPROVAL to be returned at our expense for railway freights if not perfectly satisfactory, even though you live 3000 miles away. Write us.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont St. Boston,

HEISKELL'S OINTMENT JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. PHILADELPHIA

TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM

USE HEISKELL'S OINTMENT

It has proved infallible in every case, from simple Pimples to obstinate Eczema; also Itching Piles. 50 CTS. per box.

Send for "Hints for Kitchen and Sick-Room," a handy book for the household. FREE.

TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK 400 Wonderful Pictures. Sales Immense. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Big pay. 30 Days Credit. No Capital Needed. Also send 9 Agents' Addresses and receive FREE TO YOU, Talmage's favorite Picture of Christ, in Oil Colors. Address, HISTORICAL PUB. CO. Phila. Pa.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y

E. W. SMITH & CO., MAP PUBLISHERS —AND— MANUFACTURERS,

Do all kinds of Map Work and keep on hand a full supply of Maps, Atlases, Drawing Paper, Map Cases, Spring Map Rollers, etc., etc.

Maps and plans engraved, printed, colored, and mounted.

WANTED—Every Bookkeeper, Business Man and Beginner to know that the Key to, and Exposition of Bookkeeping teaches at sight and aids bookkeepers and experts; post-paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.

No. 17 and 19 S. Sixth Street, PHILADELPHIA. my7-6m

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of Ephraim Rupp, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court to made distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, as shown by his account filed, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purposes of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 21st day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons are required to present their claims or else be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

s3-3t W. I SWOOPE, Auditor.

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of 5/A *Horse Blanket* is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it *hasn't the warp threads*, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that 5/A *Horse Blankets* are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the 5/A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

Ask for 5/A Five Mile, Boss, Electric, Extra Test, Baker

HORSE BLANKETS

ARE THE STRONGEST.

100 5/A STYLES

at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us. Ask for the 5/A Book. You can get it without charge.

WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

Nothing On Earth Will MAKE HENS LAY LIKE Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $30; send six to prevent Romp," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 32 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. j30-1y.

Variety.

The violet 'neath the coppice growing,
Is ay the maiden's quiet joy;
The heather, on the mountain blowing,
Will catch the plaudits of the boy;
Hail, matchless queen of woodland rill!
Hail, airy monarch of the hill!

When flowers thro' all the world are springing,
And every bud begins to swell,
The train of maidens sweetly singing,
Goes searching for the violet's dell:
"Hail, violets of the wood!"—they sing—
"Hail, happy days of blithesome spring!"

When Autumn, with his misty weather,
Spreads damp and dullness in the wood,
The boys go climbing for the heather,
And strip the mountain's purple hood,
"Hail, purple heather!"—loud they cry—
"Hail, Autumn's jest and jollity!"

So tastes of men are ever changing:
One loves the mountain, one the wood,
One thro' the world unseen is ranging,
One proudly works the public good.
Hail, still contented lowly mind!
Hail, mighty movers of mankind!

—Temple Bar.

Going to Funerals.

"I am often led to wonder," said a lady, as she returned home from the funeral of a dear friend, "what sentiment of the human heart it is that prompts strange people who haven't the slightest interest in the deceased or the family to go to every funeral within reach. It seems as though there was in many minds a morbid curiosity that leads them to present themselves on such occasions, and stand around and look on with eagerness, watching every movement and feeling almost defrauded if anything important escapes their notice. Such a tendency should be immediately checked in the young, as the sentiment in not by any means a creditable one and often leads to the most absurd exhibition of curiosity.

"I remember being present some time since at the funeral of a neighbor. The services were held in the church, and, as is the custom in many places, the casket was opened so that the friends might take a last look at the departed if they so desired. The people from one side of the church passed around to the front, where the casket was placed, and down the opposite side aisle, either resuming their seats or waiting in the vestibule. My attention was attracted by a group of children in the little procession, and, to my surprise, again and again the same children passed around the front and down the side aisle, crossing at the rear of the church, again fall into line and continue the round and round march. No one seemed to observe them or put a stop to their promenade. I couldn't help but wonder whether that wasn't the sort of sentiment which, permitted in the young, makes inveterate and incorrigible funeral-goers in later life.

"It is fondly to be hoped that the time will come when all funerals will be held in private houses, and, as far as possible, at evening. The services are much more impressive at night, and an ordinary private house is, or should be, amply sufficient to contain those whose legitimate right is to be present.—N. Y. Ledger.

Animal Smokers.

In the Berlin Zoological Gardens Professor Paul Meyerheim, painter of animal life, has been trying the effects of the fragrant weed on various denizens of the gardens, with results which are as novel as they are undoubtedly amusing. Chief among the subjects of his experiments was the brown bear. He declares that the "common brown bears" are genuine enthusiasts for tobacco.

"When I puff my cigar smoke into the cage," he remarks, "they rush to the front, rubbing their noses and backs against the bars through which the smoke has penetrated."

The Professor, with some temerity, once experimented on the lion. The creature was asleep, and this was the moment selected for puffing a volume of tobacco smoke in his face. Did he at once wake up with a savage growl, lash his tail, and, spring at the bars, shake the massive iron? Not at all. He awoke and "stood on his legs," which seems a natural enough attitude to adopt, and "sneezed powerfully."

The he quietly lay down on his side and "elevated his nose, as if asking for a second dose." It may be news to some naturalists to hear that goats, stags and llamas all devour tobacco and cigars with remarkable satisfaction. It is certainly somewhat of a waste of the material to let a prime Havana be bolted in one gulp by an antelope, but the Professor was actuated by a praiseworthy desire to discover scientific facts, and also by a wish to get on good terms with creatures that it was his business to sketch.

"I made a personal friend," he writes, "of an exceedingly malicious guanaco, or wild llama, by simply feeding him again and again with tobacco."—London Telegraph.

Webster's Ready Wit.

More or less sporting artifice enters into the parry and thrusts of lawyers' combats in court. Fancy the drollery of a man like Webster playing upon the word "doctor."

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will.

Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster with great gravity.

"The moment we begin to live
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the court and audience with laughter.—Harper's Magazine.

A Lawyer Outwitted.

An old whitewasher stood before the court as a witness. The lawyer for the defendant tried to confuse him.

"You are Frederich Muller?"

"Yes."

"Are you the Frederich Muller who was sentenced under mitigating circumstances for robbery?"

"No, I am not that Muller."

"You are, perhaps, the Muller who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for theft?"

"No, I am not that Muller, either"

"Were you ever in prison?"

"Yes, twice."

"How long the first time?"

"A whole afternoon."

"An afternoon. And the second time? You must make truthful statements, for you are sworn. If you were in prison for so short a time, what did you do?"

"I only whitewashed a cell for a lawyer who had cheated his clients."

The lawyer did not ask any more questions on that subject.—From the German.

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THE SKELETON TRADE.

POINTS ON THIS QUEER BUSINESS BY AN OLD DEALER.

The Odd Occupation of a Frenchman in Philadelphia—Trading in Human Bones for Twenty Years—He Has Handled Over 5,000 Skeletons.

To deal in the bones of human beings would be an occupation repugnant to most men. Yet in the vicinity of Sixth and South streets, says the Philadelphia Record, lives an old Frenchman who finds more pleasure in the occupation than anything else in his life. His store is a veritable den of skeletons. The weather-beaten sign swinging over the door, creaking dismally with every gust of wind, bears the simple legend: "M. de Robaire, Parfumerie." From which it is evident monsieur would have the world believe that he deals almost exclusively in those perfumed waters so dear to the feminine heart. Every family has a skeleton in the closet, however, and monsieur's family, which consists only of himself, is no exception to the general rule. He has his skeleton, in fact he has scores of them, in closets and otherwise—the majority otherwise. The truth of the matter is, the old Frenchman deals in skeletons.

Living as he does, in a neighborhood thickly populated by ignorant negroes, who are, as a rule, very superstition, de Robaire has found it necessary to ply his queer trade as secretly as possible. The "Doctor" has occupied his present headquarters for the last quarter of a century, and enjoys quite a large practice among the colored people, who would have nothing to do with him did they suspect the weird doings about the little shop.

The second floor boasts of only two small rooms, the rear one being used as a workshop, while the other, directly over the store and fronting on the street, serves the double purpose of bed chamber and store room.

Such another bed chamber as the one occupied by the old Frenchman probably does not exist, and how monsieur manages to sleep the sleep of the just among such grewsome surroundings is in insolvable mystery to the few who have been admitted to it.

The walls of the small room are ornamented with skulls and crossbones and real, life-size skeletons, or, rather, death-size skeletons, in all sorts of grotesque positions. Four hideous skulls grin from their positions on top of the four posts of the bed, and close to the sides of the bed stands a skelston with arms outstretched, doing duty as a clothes-rack. The whole is dimly lighted up by a faint glimmer of light emanating from a lamp made of a ghastly skull suspended from the middle of the ceiling with thongs of tanned human hide.

De Robaire himself is an odd-looking man, and the resemblance between him and one of his own skeletons is decidedly striking. He has gaunt, wolf-like features, his thin upper lip and bony chin being adorned with an iron-gray mustache and imperial. His head is entirely bald, save for a few bristly red hairs standing up on his forehead like a small bonfire, and under his bushy eyebrows of the same fiery hue his small black eyes glitter like coals of fire.

For a score of years he has been carrying on his business in the old place, having emigrated from France in 1865, coming direct to Philadelphia, where he established himself in business. For a time he had a hard time to keep body and soul together, owing to the number of competitors in the field, together with the dulness of business. It soon became necessary for him, in addition to his other trade to set himself up as a druggist, and he still runs his little shop though principally as a decoy.

Late in the '60s, when the Knights of Pythias were organized in this State, the demand for skeletons increased, as they were used to a great extent in the lodge rooms. De Rebaire prospered, as a consequence, since most of his competitors had given up the business.

Off and on during the following twenty years business was brisk and dull by turns, but the old man had amassed a small fortune, and there is no reason why he should longer continue in the business except that he has taken a liking to his work, such as every true artist does. He is an artist in the full sense of the word. There is undoubtedly no one who can articulate a skeleton as neatly as he, and it is no idle boast on his part when he claims that with eyes blind-folded he can take a mass of bones representing the human frame and build up the skeleton as it was originally, without one bone out of place.

Again, he can by merely touching a bone tell to a certainty what part of the frame of man or beast it belongs. There is no possible way of determining the nationality of the person who existed around a certain skeleton during life except that in the case of a negro the aperture in the skull once covered by the nose is not so narrow and sharpened as in a white man.

The "Doctor" while standing in his workshop a few days ago with his sleeves rolled up over his skinny arms, thus held forth on the subject nearest his heart: "This skeleton you see me operating on I have imported from France.

"You will notice the high polish on the bones, due to a method of preparation practised only by the French. They clean the bones by a process of maceration with muriatic acid, the whole operation requiring two or three months' time, while in this country the bones are hastily and carelessly boiled and come out rough and dirty. I have never come across a Chinese skeleton. This is due to the fact that a Chinaman believes he will not reach Heaven unless his bones rest in the Flowery Kingdom.

"The different prices of skeletons are based upon their degree of hardness and whiteness, upon the developments of the bones, and the amount or absence of fat in their extremities. For this reason the French article is decidedly of more value than the American or German. Up to this year over 2,600 skeletons have been imported into this country, but they have become scarce of late, for some reason, and to supply the demand I find it necessary to manufacture them out of paper. Of course, I have a stock of them in my bedroom, but I would not part with any of these.

"Mon Dieu! I have come to look upon them as dear friends and companions. Here you see my artificial skeletons make of papier mache, with artificial teeth, and the whole covered with a white polish which gives the appearance of the genuine article. I can make three of these each week, and they bring from $10 to $15, while the imported genuine article costs from $30 to $35, and the domestic $20. But then the imitations are bought only by secret societies.

"Yes, I have grown old in the business and love it. I have articulated and handled over 5,000 skeletons in my time."

A railroad dead-end is usually a pretty lively corpse.

Barn-Storming With Booth.

One of our funniest adventures happened at Lee's Landing in Virginia. The improvised theatre was a tobacco warehouse, and was crowded by the planters from miles around. We had arranged to take the weekly steamer that was to call that night, and between the acts were busy picking up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene when we heard a whistle, and the manager came in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave again in ten minutes.

"'If we explain matters,' said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated, and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up a natural ending of the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ted here.' Ted was Bassanio and he decided to rely upon the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through all right. So when old George Ruggles, who was doing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked up to him and said, 'You are bound to have your pound of flesh, are you?'

"You bet your life," said Ruggles. "Now, I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth; "in addition to this bag of ducats I'll throw in two kegs of terback and two of the best coon dogs in the State." "I'm blamed if I don't do it," responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon hunters to a man.

"And to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginny reel."

When they got on board the steamer the Captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked: "I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blamed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."—N. Y. Letter in Charleston News.

General Forrest's Desperate Chance.

Shortly after the close of the secession war General Forrest and his wife stopped at a hotel in Memphis and after examining their purses found the sum total of their wealth amounted to $7.50. The General being due that evening at a house where he knew poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise, but he felt she was for him and knew how it would be. But let him tell the rest in his own words:

"They had tables—one was a quarter dollar table, one a half and one a dollar and a half. I wanted to make my seven dollars last as long as I could, so I sat down to the quarter table. By dinner time I had won enough to do better, and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar and a half table. Sometimes I won and then again I'd lose, until nigh upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and that made me cool.

"I set my hat upon the floor, and every time I won I'd drop the money in the hat. I sat there until day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head and went home.

"When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired and worried, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and emptied my hat right into the lap of her gown and then we counted it. Just $1,500 even, and that gave me a start.

He Rents Rings.

Apropos of the prospective increase in the price of diamonds a man from New York has a scheme calculated to help the impecunious young exquisite who wants to get engaged, but who lacks the necessary funds to purchase a suitable diamond pledge of his affection. This scheme is nothing more nor less than to loan engagement rings for so much per month, says the Chicago Post.

"It's just this," said Mr. Solomon—that is his name—"a young man can't afford to buy a diamond ring. Very well, he doesn't need to do so. He comes to me. I take his note and lend him a splendid diamond ring at a reasonable rental. He gives it to his fiancee. The marriage takes place in the course of time, and in a few months afterward the young man owns up and takes back the ring, upon which he has been paying rent, and gives it to me. Risk? Oh, none at all. I have his note. The humiliation that would come from exposure should I seek the assistance of the law precludes the possibility of his defaulting. I have not lost a ring yet, nor a dollar of rental. The business has been a paying one, and now that diamonds are to advance it will prove more profitable than ever."

The Lemon's Virtue.

A writer who seeks to mitigate the sufferings caused by excessively hot weather by describing how to make simple and cooling drinks suitable for the summer season, incidentally pays a tribute to the great virtue of the lemon, and a medical authority has promptly written a letter confirming this commendation of the cooling fruit, and urging its more frequent use in lieu of strong medicines, which often do more harm than good. He says that although most people know the value of a glass of lemonade before breakfast, few know that the benefit is more than doubled by taking one at night also. A better way to fight a bilious attack than powder or quinine, is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons in as much water as will make it pleasant to drink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning on rising at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a tumbler of ordinary or soda water.—Chicago Herald.

A Coffin for a Table.

Swift alludes to whist as a favorite pastime for clergymen, and Hayward tells us that about the beginning of the century there was in a country town in Somersetshire a whist club, composed mostly of clergymen, that met for play every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber.

On one occasion, when four members of this club were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, some delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. By way of whiling away the time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber. The rest gladly assented, and they were deep in the game, using the coffin as a table, when the sexton came to announce that everything was ready.

A Scented Newspaper the Latest.

A decided innovation in the printing world has been introduced into the office of the London News and Post, of which J. H. Copleston, formerly well known in New York as a journalist, is the manager. The paper is printed with scented ink which gives a delightful fragrance. Any desired odor may be produced, and the experiment has proved not only a great success but a big advertisement for the journal.

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From Mrs A G Silverheels, Corydon, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jy23.1y

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Cured a Scolding Wife.

There is a tradition of a Gloucestershire scold, whose obstinate disposition defied the ducking stool.

After the first "sousing" in the village horse pond, her husband exclaimed, "Mollie! Mollie! Woot thee promise I never to scold at I again?"

As soon as Mollie recovered her breath, she replied, in a thundering tone of moroseness, "No, I won't doo nothing o' th' zort!"

Mollie had another souse, and the husband met with the same acrimonious response to his anxious interrogations. The sousing was repeated, but Mollie continued to be obdurate and contumacious.

"You may drown I," shouted Mollie; "but I wool never give in."

They did not run the risk of drowning Mollie, but released her, for the husband was convinced that she would rather drown than refuse to wag her red rag at un" whenever she felt inclined to do so. It did not cure Mollie. She became as great a scold as ever she had been before her public "sousing." Some years after that critical punishment the Lord of Manor met John at a Court Meet and inquired:

"Well, John, how does Mollie get on now with her scolding?"

"Oh, Squire, her be pretty nearly cured on't."

"Did the ducking stool do that business?"

"Oh, no; I let her jaw on as long as her liked. I ged her no back answers. I zot quiet and blowed me bacca, and her soon dropt her scolding and be now as good a woman as they be made?"—National Review.

How the Treasury Is Guarded.

The Treasury watch is composed of seventy veteran soldiers, who are cut into three squads dividing every twenty-four hours into three equal watches of eight hours each. The men wear no uniforms, and would not impress the casual visitor to the Treasury during the hours when the public is admitted. The guards go unarmed during the day, but at night carry a large forty-two calibre six-chambered revolver, which is too large to be concealed in a pocket and must be carried in the hands all the time. Every one who passes the Treasury at night may see pacing to and fro in the lofty area between the granite pillars and the wall of the building solitary figures. A person cannot approach within a hundred feet of the building without seeing a guard. Such a watchman, silent and martial in bearing, guards each of the four entrances to the Treasury. The guards who traverse the corridors at stated intervals touch electric buttons to announce their presence in certain parts of the building. All the system of interior watchfulness was the work of Secretary Folger, who during his term in office lived in constant dread of an attack on the Treasury. So far as human watchfulness can be relied on the Treasury is guarded, but there must be new safes and the Commission will soon report to Treasury Nebeker its recommendations for building new vaults and strengthening the old ones.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mixed Races in South Africa.

There is probably not a civilized roof in South Africa which covers people of only one nationality; as a rule, they are of three or four. We take a typical Cape household before us at the moment; the father is English, the mother half Dutch and half French-Huguenot, with a French name, the children sharing three nationalities; the governess is a Scotchwoman, the cook a Zulu, the housemaid half Hottentot and half Dutch, the kitchen-girl half Dutch and half slave, the stable boy a Kaffir, and the little girl who waits at table a Basuto. This household is a type of thousands of others to be found everywhere throughout Africa. If a homely and crude illustration may be allowed, the peoples of South Africa resemble the ingredients of a pudding when they are in the process of being stirred together in a basin—plums, eggs, wine, flour and water. To hope to re-sort them is vain; for good or for evil the mixture is made; they have so permeated each other's substance that again to re-sort them is impossible, however much we may wish it.—The Fortnightly Review.

Wild Horses in Oregon.

For some years a small band of wild horses has been known to roam the rugged mountains that rise from the river banks in the Okanogan, Oregon. The arts and skill of mountaineer and plainsman have been exerted to entrap the wary animals, but their subtle scent and fleetness of foot defied near approach until recently. A few days ago a fine horse was missing from the neighborhood. A handsome reward being offered for his return, John Owens started on a searching expedition, and his quest led him to the stamping ground of the wild animals. After great exertion and strategem he finally captured four of the band, which he now has corralled at his home. They are fine, fiery American stock, and bear no evidence of ever having been broken to bridle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How to Raise a Church Debt.

A novel plan for extinguishing a church debt has been hit upon at Melbourne, Australia. The church committee—or vestry, as the case may be—divide the total debt among themselves, and each man insures his life for the amount that falls to his share. The policies are transferred to the church, and the annual payments on them are made out of the church collections. Then, of course, as the members of the committee "drop off" the sums insured on the lives drop in, and later, when the only survivor dies, the last installment of the church debt is paid.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The honeymoon knows more changes than all the other moons put together.

NEW THINGS SEEN IN THE MOON.

What the Camera Is Revealing in Our Lunar Attendant.

Astronomical photography has accomplished many wonderful results, but nothing perhaps more surprising than its discoveries upon the moon. The moon is so near by, and has been so carefully studied with the most powerful telescopes for hundreds of years, that the astronomers had come to think that they knew pretty much all about it, or at least about the face of the moon which is turned toward the earth. But it turns out that photography possesses the power to reveal things upon the moon which can not be seen by the eye, even with the aid of the best telescopes. A careful study of the negatives of the moon made with the aid of the great Lick telescope has revealed the existence of many unknown objects there, including the great crater mountains and rifts and chasms in the surface of the moon, as well as some of those mysterious objects that go under the descriptive name of bright streaks or rays.

Near the great crater which we call Copernicus another crater of nearly equal dimensions is shown upon the negatives, although it is absent from the most elaborate maps of the moon, and can not be seen even with the Lick telescope except when the magic eye of the camera, instead of the human retina, is applied to look for it. When it is considered that this mysterious crater represents the remains of a mountain ring more than fifty miles in diameter, it appears exceeding strange that it uhould escape detection by the telescope when directed to the moon and yet be visible upon a photograph of the moon. The reason appears to be that the walls of this newly discovered crater were long ago destroyed, being razed by some denuding force nearly to the level of the surrounding surface. It is consequently but the remnant of a great crater ring. Even in that condition, however, it would be visible to the eye but for the fact that its huge neighbor, Copernicus, whose walls are still standing to a great height, is surrounded by enormous masses of luminous material, which looks like lava that must have overflowed the surrounding country ages ago, and reflects back the light of the sun to our eyes with overpowering brilliancy. The glare of this broad reflecting surface, covering hundreds of square miles, is so great as to conceal the comparatively low relief of the broken crater ring.

In fact, it is not improbable that Copernicus is responsible for the disappearance of the other great crater which doubtless was the predecessor of Copernicus, and once towered to an equal height above the surrounding plains. After it had ceased to be an active volcano, and Copernicus had burst forth, the latter probably overwhelmed it with torrents of lava, which, filling up the space within its broken walls nearly to the level of their tops, submerged it, so to speak, beneath the new surface thus formed, so that only the summit of its broken walls remains to be caught by the acute vision of the photographic plate.

In other parts of the moon similar events appear to have taken place, and there are a number of large craters upon the earth, which seem to have been buried by the outbursts of lava from subsequently formed volcanoes in their neighborhood, so that only portions of their mountain walls now remain visible.

Another discovery, also arising from inspection of the negative made with the Lick telescope, relates to the wonderful system of bright rays surrounding the most perfect crater in the moon, Tycho. This extinct volcano is some fifty-four miles in diameter, and is surrounded on the outer side of its lofty walls by a comparatively level region, some twenty-five miles broad, of a much darker hue than that of the crater itself or of the surrounding country beyond. The hundreds of great streaks which radiate from Tycho like the spokes of a wheel, varying in width from ten to twenty or thirty miles, and in length from a few miles to nearly 2000 miles, have always appeared, when viewed with a telescope alone, to take their rise from the outer edge of the dark rim surrounding the crater, but the Lick negatives show that some of the streaks at least pass through this dark rim and extend clear up to the very walls of the crater. The suggestion that these mysterious streaks had their origin in the volcanic energy of Tycho when it was still an active crater is strengthened by this evidence that the streaks actually reach to the crater itself.—N. Y. Sun.

How to Answer Letters.

A leading physician invariably prescribes for his patients one dish and one glass of wine. The other evening he chanced to find himself dining with a patient on one hand, and a stanch teetotaler upon the other. The patient, who through many weary weeks had followed the dreary curriculum of a dish and a glass, watched his physician to see in what manner he dined, but was highly incensed to find that the doctor ate and drank heartily of everything that came before him. At last he burst forth:

"Well, sir, you certainly do not practice what you preach. Why, you have eaten of everything on the menu."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, testily; "but what is a man to do who runs about all day and comes home at night with thirty or forty letters to answer? He must have a bottle of champagne."

Here the teetotaler burst in angrily, saying:

"But, doctor, do you mean to tell me that a man is better able to answer thirty or forty letters when he has had a bottle of champagne?"

"No," said the doctor, "but when he has had a bottle of champagne he does not care a d——n whether they are answered or not."—Rare Bits.

Some Curious Remedies.

Rev. Joseph Doderidge, in his "Notes of the Settlement and Indian Wars in Pennsylvania and Virginia," in that portion of the work treating of "Witchcraft," says (page 163):

"The diseases of children supposed to be inflicted by witchcraft were those of dropsy of the brain and rickets. These were diseases which could neither be accounted for nor cured, consequently they were ascribed to some supernatural agency. For the cure of diseases inflicted by the witches, the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump, or piece of board, and shot at with a bullet containing a little bit of silver. The silver bullet transferred a painful and sometimes mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding with the part of the picture struck by the bullet."

In his treatise on "Medicine," pp. 147 to 154 of the same work, the Rev. Mr. Doderidge has to say concerning erysipelas, and its cure; "The erysipelas, or St. Anthony's fire, was usually cured by circumscribing the afflicted parts with the blood of a black cat. Hence there was scarcely a black cat to be seen whose ears and tail had not been frequently chopped for their contribution of blood.

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—The farmers are selling their grain.

—Thus far there has been no frost to do any damage.

—It will soon be time to gather in the pumpkin crop.

—This kind of weather will be a boom for the coal dealers.

—Swallows are flitting southward and the wild goose will soon be flying,

—Isaac Kanour was seriously injured at the Dry Hollow ore mines on Wednesday.

—The double house of Mr. A. J. Cruse on Lamb street has lately been occupied.

—The 14th of October will be a memorable day in the history of the Bellefonte Odd Fellowship,

—The firm of Geo. W. Jackson & Co was dissolved on October 1st, W, Fred Reynolds retiring.

—Bellefonte is not so much interested now in having the "light turned on" as it is in having the steam heat turned on.

—The milkman's trust has advanced the price of milk two cents per quart. Fisher, however, sells it for six the whole year around.

—Clean up your premises before the winter comes. Do not leave old rubbish lie around from one spring to another, it looks bad, is disagreeble and dangerous.

—The closing of the Houtzdale bank is said to have caused quite an excitement among the foreign population of that region, and it was at one time feared there might be violence done.

—The *Democratic Watchman* this morning takes issue against the stand pipe. And no wonder; it has cost the taxpayers of the borough two hundred dollars to try a useless exp ciment.

Miss Blanche McGarvey was the name of the young lady who so ably represented the *Daily News* in the business men's carniaval on Thursday night, and everybody conceeded the representation among the best of the evening.

—A reception was to be given to Rev Father McArdle on Thursday evening, and five priests and a large circle of friends had assembled, but the expected guest of the evening failed to arrive, and the reception, of necessity, was postponed.

—About five hundred dollars was the net sum realized by the young gentlemen for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. by the entertainment of Thursday night. This will go a great ways towards liquidating the debt that hangs over that worthy institution.

—It is fun to sit back and watch the little tilt of words btween a Bellefonte veteran newspaper man and a Lock Haven ditto all about whether Judge Orvis ever taught school in Lock Haven. And what a shallow subjeet, as neither the Bellefonte man nor the Lock Haven man is certain about it and the Judge says he don't remember himself.

—The First National Bank of Clearfield and the Houtzdale Bank at Houtzdale closed doors Wednesday morning. W. H. Dill, of Clearfield, is President of the first-named bank and owner of the Houtzdale concern. The embarassment is purely local and will not effect other banks in this vicinity, beyond the likelihood that it will bring much of the banking business from over the mountain to Tyrone whose financial solidity is famous.

—Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of September, 1891, takes its place among the memorable days in the life of our young friend, John T. Fowler, who for many years has been one of the lumber kings of this state. At this pleasant mansion at Fowler in the Bald Eagle valley on the day named, a little daughter made its advent, and the wee stranger couldn't have been greeted by a happier father in all the world. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler have our best congratulations. Little Miss Fowler is healthy and prospering.

—If the Small Boy is happy in his way over the coming of October, there is another individual who is equally so, but his elation is of a more quiet kind. This individual is a hunter. With dog and gun, there will be a grand rush to-day after the gamey pheasant. There should be a good many pheasants this year. That is, if the drumming which has been heard in the woods during the summer months means anything. But it is a remarkable fact that plenty as game is when it is out of season, it becomes remarkably scarce when the law allows it to be shot at.

—P. M. Richards, a young man o Brookville, who was attempting to grow rich off his neighbors in an unlawful manner, is now in the hands of the Postoffice Department, for using the nails for fraudulent purposes. His scheme was to send circulars to parties throughout this and adjoining counties offering to secure loans for them at three per cent. interest. This low rate was considerable of an inducement to many in need of money. When they applied to the sharper in relation to the matter they were informed that it was necessary, in order to secure the collateral to purchase shares in a certain company represented by him. These shares were four dollars each and the would-be-borrower, after having been induced to invest was told that as soon as the shares had been properly issued by the company, he could secure the money upon them without trouble. The company, it seems, was wholly an imaginary one, and the certificate of shares, not coming to hand according to agreement, his dupes began to suspect the entire scheme was fraudulent.

FREE ROADS.

LYCOMING COUNTY MIGHT BE EMULATED BY CENTRE.

The following item clipped from the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* is good text for a sermon :

"Judge Metzger's on the free bridge matter will result in the freedom of Lycoming county's highways in the future. The obnoxious toll gate is to be relegated to the rear, and the people will not be required to "stand and deliver" before the bars are raised to permit their passage. Free bridges have been a long time coming, but they are now assured, and right here let us refer to the fact that to the Board of Trade is due the credit for this much to be desired state of affairs. At the first meeting of the Board of Trade several years ago the matter of free bridges was advocated and the agitation then started has culminated successfully. So much for the Board of Trade which reorganizes just in time to see the triumph of its first effort."

Lycoming county authorities seem to be abreast with the times in this matter. The time has come when turnpikes and toll bridges are more of an imposition on the traveling public than a good, and when the same have been abolished by our courts the people will be the better for it.

In Centre county there are not very many turnpikes but still enough to be too many. Bellefonte is the place that suffers most by these toll gates and the amount it suffers cannot be estimated, suffice to say, it is no little bit. To go out of Bellefonte into Pennsvalley it will cost 25 cents for one team ; to go to Bald Eagle valley it costs 15 cents. The farmers all know this to their sorrow and for that reason much of the marketing of their produce is either sold nearer home or else shipped by rail to some distant point, and thus Bellefonte is the loser of much valuable commerce.

And the roads, or turnpikes, as they are called, they are in very little better condition than the average township road. The companies know this but care little But then who is it that knows who the persons are that compose a turnpike company; not one man in a hundred. A few weeks ago a resident of Bellefonte undertook to hunt up the president of the company that claims to own and keep up the pike between Bellefonte and Milesb urg, and it is presumed he is still hunting, as at last accounts he had not even found a stockholder, let alone the president. Abolish all toll gates and turnpikes and Bellefonte will be the better for it one hundred per cent.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., September 26.—John Cirock was striken with typhoid fever a month ago and died last night. Just before his death he made a confession in which he said that seven years ago, while working at Sunbury, he and a man named Charles Ward murdered Oscar Flack, who worked on a railroad with them and robbed him of his savings. The body was buried under a tool house. When asked next day about Oscar, he said he left for his home in Poland, Richard, a brother of Oscar, suspecting foul play, instituted such a searching investigation that, fearful of being discovered, the assassins lured him into the country and killed him. The body was buried in a swamp, and the murderers reported the next day that Richard had goue to join his brother in Poland. Soon after this pair came to Shamokin and worked in the mines. A peddler stopped at their home one night for shelter and in an unguarded moment mentioned that he had $129. He was shot dead and robbed, and the body thrown down an air hole.

Impressive Dedicatory Services.

A large number of Catholic priests and layman participated in the dedicatory ceremonies of the Father Gallitzin Memorial Chapel at Loretto yesterday. Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. C. Farran, of Johnstown. Rev. J. Ryan, of Tyrone, was among those present. Rev. J. Boyle, of Johnstown, delivered the sermon which was not only a fitting tribute to a loving and beloved pastor, who somewhat more than fifty years ago was called to his heavenly reward, but also commended in the highest degree the good work of the present pastor, Rev, Ferdinand Kittell, formerly of Tyrone ,to whom the Catholic people at home and abroad are deeply indebted for the ardor, zeal and unremitting industry he has manifested in restoring the holy places with which the good Father Gallitzin and his small but faithful flock were so familiar during the early part of the present century.

A FATAL COLLISION.

AKRON, O. September 30.—A disastrous head-end collision occurred this morning near Kent. Freight train No. 85 on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad crashed into the sixth section of passenger train No. 2 Four persons were killed including an engineer and fireman and thirty persons were injured. The passenger train was occupied almost wholly by members of the Ohio family, who were going to their reunion at Bennington, Vt.

The collision occurred at 3 o'clock, and seems to have been the result of carelessness. The freight crew claim that they saw no flag on the engine of the fifth section to intimate that another train was to follow, and when they saw the headlight of the passenger train it was too late to stop the freight. Immediately after the collision the trainmen and unjured passengers began the work of rescue. The dead are? W. H. Maxwell, traveling engineer of the second division; Clayton Glass, fireman of the freight train; an aged woman, name not given.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. S. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SEE WHAT IS IN DIXIE.

The people of the Southern section of the Union have gathered together the products of the farm, orchard and garden, and placed them on exhibition in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. By reason of its proximity to the Northern cities, this is a most convenient point at which to hold the Southern Inter-State Exposition. The rate for the round trip from New York by way of the Old Dominion Steamers will be about fifteen dollars; from Baltimore, by the Bay Line Steamers on the beautiful Chesapeake Bay, about ten dollars; from Norfolk, Va., about four dollars; from Washington, D. C., by way of the Atlantic Coast Line or the Richmond & Danville, about ten dollars.

This is the most excellent opportunity that will be presented to the Northern people to see what is and can be grown in the Southern States ; and by all means let our people go down and see what the South can show : see the people, get acquainted with them, and learn much that will be to their advantage. The mode of growing cotton, distilling turpentine, the picking of cotton and pressing it into bales, are all interesting features in Southern industry. The exhibition will be so unlike Northern fairs so unlike the Chicago Exposition, so unlike any thing North or West, that our people will miss the opportunity of their lives if they fail to attend the Great Exposition during the months of October and November.

Inquire of H. P. Clark, 229 Broadway, New York; or at Bay Line Steamers' wharf, Baltimore, for reduced rate tickets.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disorded you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at C. M. Parrish's.

RAUM REQUESTS DISMISSALS.

WASHINGTON, September 30.—Pension Commissioner Raum to-day sent a letter to Secretary Noble demanding the dismissal of J. Edward Engle, of Pennsylvania; D. M. Taylor, of Illinois, and Edward Howard, of Connecticut, three clerks in the pension bureau. The letter of Commissioner Raum is the result of the charges that his son, who was compelled to resign his position in the bureau because of certain alleged irregularities, has since been using his influence to secure the promotion of his friends who would reciprocate by lending him money. In his letter Mr. Raum states that he believes that persons therein named are trying to injure him through his son. Young Mr. Raum denies the charge.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

We recently received from Mr. H. J. Smith & Co., a new music book, entitled "Our Hearts Delight," and we certainly think the book well named, as it will delight the heart of every owner of a copy. Of full sheet music size, most handsomely printed and bound, it is a book that exceeds anything of the kind ever issued. It is not filled with old, wornout songs, but the newest and most choicest selections, both vocal and instrumental. And in addition, it contains biographies of all the celebrated composers, and a full size colored plate as frontispiece. Send to H. J. Smith & Co., Philadelphia for their prices and catalogue.

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

BANKERS,

Doctors, Lawyers, Carpenters, Druggists, Engineers, Mechanics, in fact we have recommendations from people in all stations of life, testifying to the wonderful cures that Sulphur Bitters have effected. Send for testimonials. See another column.

OVER DEAD BODIES.

NOTHING STOPS OKLAHOMA BOOMERS IN THE MAD RUSH FOR LOTS.

GUTHRIE, O. T. Sept. 29.—Couriers who have arrived here this afternoon give the following horrible details which attended the opening of the Government town site of Chandler, in the Sac and Fox reservation, which was proclaimed opened to settlement at 12 o'clock yesterday, and the scene which followed the volley of muskerty which amounced the opening of the town site beggars description.

A mass of 3,000 excited men and women each intent on securing a lot, had gathered about the boundry of the town site. Some were on horses, broncos, and others on foot striped of all superfluous clothing, each carrying a sharpened stick with name and number of lot taken thereon, each person strung to the highest pitch of excitement.

LIKE AN ARMY'S CHARGE.

At 12 o'clock sharp the signal was given and with a mighty yell from 3,000 throats and amid the cracking of whips and volleys of oaths, shouts and curses, a conglomerate mass of men and women on horse and foot rushed like maniacs for the town lots. They clambered up the steep cliff like soldiers charging a fortress. The line was one mile long on each side and a half mile long on each end.

The rush was towards lot 38, which was reserved for a Court House. As the angles of the advancing lines met many riders were unhorsed and hurled pell mell into the road. Many persons are reported killed and others as having received severe injuries.

Miss Daisy, a representative of the Guthrie *News*, was thrown from her horse at the beginning of the race and, striking her head on a rock, was killed. The excited and merciless crowd had no time to attend to the dying and

RODE OVER THE BODY

of the unfortunate woman, until it was recognized by a friend, who took it out of the surging mass of humanity.

As there were three or four times as many people as there were lots, the result could be easily foretold. There are from three to six claimants for a great many of the good lots to-night. On every hand can be heard curses and high-worded discussion. It will take some time to adjust the difficulties. An Indian killed a white man over a quarrel in one of the tents where liquor was being sold.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take

BLUE PILLS

or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS and the Invalid's Friend. Immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or ill-colored? Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use

Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is

The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL

PURELY — CALIFORNIA — D. WALKER'S

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VINEGAR BITTERS

GRANDEST - MODERN - DISCOVER

Triumph of Pharmacy

The only true practical

ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.

Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all a life-giving stimulus without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers *in the world.*

A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,

far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called

LIQUID LIFE,

since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in epsonse.*

It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist*, and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known

CALIFORNIA,

if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present

PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.

Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this

PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.

In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.

THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.

THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO FELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

REMEMBER,

There is *no disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which.

VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,

and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of.

THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA

in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an

UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.

A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a *majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*

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Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Horses at once. *Manufactured by the*

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To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natual peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

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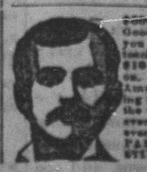
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HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Piemiedale	1.5	4 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.2	4 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 34	4 38
Eagleville	9.9	4 59	9 37	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 45	4 49
Mt. Eagle	17.7	5 14	9 56	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	24.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	28.8	5 43	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.5	5 46	10 X.	5 37
Unionville	25.5	5 50	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 58
Martha	37.1	6 10	11 09	6 09
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah	43.7	6 28	11 26	6 13
Powler	46.9	6 33	11 29	6 18
Dix	46.3	6 35	11 32	6 19
Bald Eagle	49.5	6 40	11 38	6 24
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.4	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40
			EASTWARD	
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 10	2 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	2 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	2 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 25	2 24	7 33
Dix	8.9	8 30	2 30	7 39
Fowler	9.5	8 32	2 33	7 42
Hannah	10.6	8 36	2 37	7 46
Fort Matilda	13.9	8 43	2 44	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	2 52	8 05
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 15
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 18	8 35
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 39
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 49
Milesburg	39.8	9 47	4 40	9 01
Curtin	34.4	10 01	4 47	9
Mt Eagle	36.6	10 06	4 55	9
Howard	39.8	10 16	5 02	
Eagleville	44.4	10 26	5 10	
Beech Creek	45.9	10 28	5 14	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 39	5 24	9 51
Flemington	52.2	10 54	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	1 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.		Stations	Dis.	Eastward	
P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M
5 05	1 51	SCOTIA	25.8	9 24	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3 Fairbrook	20.5	9 05	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7 Penns. Furnace	15.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.5 Hostler	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 48	12.3 Morengo	13.0	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5 Lovelville	12.1	8 37	3 52
6 04	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road	10.4	8 31	3 46
6 08	11 02	15.2 Dungarvin	9.6	8 27	3 36
6 18	11 19	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 15	3 18
6 28	11 30	20.5 Penningtons	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 49	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 59	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 60	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m ; arrives at Bellefonte at 2.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m ; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.14 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m , arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.05 p m.

S S ELAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	p.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANION	5.30	9.25	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	5.25
1.5	6.15	2.28	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	5.28
8.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl		9.00	5.26
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg		8.55	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.42	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Harbor		8.35	5.0
14.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.10	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
15.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.37	4.46
22.5	7.19	3.25	Parsee		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.28	3.35	Cherry Run		7.48	4.22
32.3	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.55	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.19	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave		7.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg		6.51	3.22
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.46	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.35	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.56	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.					WESTWARD	
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No.1	No.5
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 24	5 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	5 08	17.	Scalp	1.	6 07	3 09
6 08	8 59	16	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 05	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 19
5 59	8 51		Linn	4 1	6 22	3 25
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.3	Pilmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matters			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 55
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 37	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	LEWISBURG & TYRONE Ar	18.	7 04	4

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1893.

			WESTWARD
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia daily	...	11 25 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	...	3 30 a m
"	" Williamsport "	...	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	...	7 32 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	...	7 47 a m
"	" Renovo "	...	8 50 a m
"	arrives Erie "	...	1 40 p m
NIAGRA EXP. leaves	Phil's week days		8 50 a m
"	" Harrisburg		12 15 p m
"	arrives at Williamsport		3 05 p
"	" Lock Haven		4 10 p m
"	" Renovo		5 15 p m
"	" Kane		9 15 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philada. week days		11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg	...	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport	...	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	...	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo	...	00 p m
NEWS EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	...	0 a m
"	" Harrisburg		10 a m
"	" Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven		12 10 p m
WMSPORT EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		4 50 p m
"	" Harrisburg		0 p m
"	arrive Williamsport		11 p m
			EASTWARD
Sea Shore EXP. leaves	L. Haven		7 0 a m
"	" Jersey Shore		a m
"	" Williamsport		10 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		11 a m
"	" Philadelphia		12 p m
DAY EXP. leaves	Kane week days		7 15 a m
"	" Renovo		10 50 a m
"	" Lock Haven		11 40 a m
"	" Williamsport		12 50 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		4 00 p m
"	" Philadelphia		7 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie daily		8 35 p m
"	" Renovo		10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven		11 20 p m
"	" Williamsport		12 55 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		3 50 a m
"	" Philadelphia		8 50 a m
RENOVO ACM leaves	Renovo week days		4 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		9 45 p m
"	" Philadelphia		4 55 a m
WMSPORT EXP. leaves	Williamsport		7 45 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		5 30 a m
"	" Philadelphia		9 20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with R. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. Ry. ; at Corry with B. R. & P. Ry.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON, General Agt.

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or ancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—Little Nugget.

—Frost in the air.

—A cold wave is coming.

—Hallowee'n is not far off.

—Grapes are plenty and cheap.

—Corn husking time will soon be here.

—It won't be long till Christmas comes.

—A nice fire feels good such weather.

—The glass works resume operation to-day.

—This kind of weather is bad for the farmer.

—Did you get a box of Carter's combination?

—The next on the list is the "Little Nugget."

—All kinds of nuts are said to be very plenty this season.

—Only about seven weeks yet until Thanksgiving Day.

—Sheriff Ishler transacted business in Snow Shoe on Friday.

—Every voter should carefully read the Election proclamation.

—Argument court was held on Tuesday, Judge Kreps presiding.

—Overcoats have been brought forth from their summer resting place.

—This is very fall-like weather. Rain and cold in about equal quantities.

—The base ball season is about over and Boston comes out with the pennant.

—Notwithstanding the abundance of apples cider continues to bring a prtety fair price.

—The Knights of the Golden Eagle initiated seventeen new members on Tuesday night.

—A few improvements are being made in the store room of the Eureka Cash Grocery, on High street.

—The Prince of Wales smokes three cigars a day of a brand that costs $1.80 a piece at wholesale.

—Centre county people have interest in the Tallapoosa company to the amount of several thousand dollars.

—Wonder who of our local sportsmen has brought home the greatest number of Pheasants since October first.

—A grocery store on Howard street will be a novelty, yet we doubt not Mr. John Moore will make it a success.

—O'Flynn in Mexico has signed a return date for Bellefonte and will again appear in our city next January.

—Every industrious person should try his hand at something; if he doesn't succeed let him try both hands at it.

—Mr. John F. Sourbeck has had some important changes made in his storeroom which greatly improves the same.

—The least said about the Electric Spark, which appeared in the opera house Monday night, the better—for the show.

—It takes our Lutheran brethren longer to decide to build their new church than it will to build it once they get started.

—Harvey Lutz's team ran away up on Jail hill on Tuesday afternoon and tore down about ten panels of fence along the property of Mr. John P. Harris.

—The order of American Mechanics will give a supper in their hall on the evening of the 14th of October, the day of the Odd Fellows' demonstration in this place.

—One resident of Snow Shoe lost seven hundred dollars in the collapse of the Clearfield First National bank, while a number of others lost smaller amounts.

—Insurance agent W. H. Musser seems to be one of the busiest men in town. He is always on the go when not writing up policies, but the latter keeps him pretty busy.

—The executive committee of the Prohibition Party in Centre County have nominated Christian Buck, of Unionville, as a candidate for the office of jury Commissioner.

—The officers of the closed Clearfield and Houtzdale banks seem to be having a hard time of it, from all accounts. Some of them will have hard work keeping their heads on their shoulders.

—Miss Mary R. Graham will hold her fall opening of millinery to-morrow. All the very latest New York and Paris trimmed and untrimmed hats on exhibition. It costs nothing to look. Call and see.

—The reception gotten up again on Friday night for the benefit of Rev. McArdle was a success in every way only that there was no guest, as Rev. McArdle has not yet returned. It is not now definitely known just when he will get home.

—On Friday a tally ho load of ladies and gentlemen made an excursion to the cave. Returning in the afternoon when just on the top of the mountain, one of the axles of the tally ho broke and the party was left down to the ground. Fortunately no one was injured but the homeward trip had to be completed in a four-horse wagon filled with straw.

THE SITUATION.

AT HOUTZDALE CLEARFIELD AND PHILIPSBURG IS BETTER.

CLEARFILD, Pa., October 4—President W. H. Dill, of the suspended bank, was hung in effigy all day Saturday in Houtzdale. The odd looking object was hooted and jeered by the angry Huns and Slavs. Dill, his wife and Cashier McPherson spent all Friday night in the Sheriff's private parlor.

When the United States District Attorney arrived here Saturday he found that all the proceedings in the Dill case were illegal and a new start would have to be made. He so informed District Attorney Wilson. The original bail piece made the President of the suspended bank appear at the next quarter session of Clearfield county to answer a charge against the banking laws of the United States. When Lyons found the true State of affairs he had another information made before Commissioner Ambrose.

This information charges Dill with unlawfully and maliciously attempting to defraud the banking house of which he is President. It further charges that on July 14, 1891, "William H. Dill did enter in a book of said association an entry, being a credit to the said William H. Dill, marked Philadelphia exchange, $10,000; and did also enter in journal an entry marked Philadelphia exchange, charged to the Chestnut Street National Bank of Philadelphia; both of which entries being false, fraudulent and calculated to injure and defraud the First National Bank of Clearfield."

President Dill was then arrested again in jail and bound over in $20,000 to appear on October 9, at 11 o,clock, for a hearing. Friends advised Dill to remain in jail until that time.

PHILIPSBURG, Pa., October 5.—The Philipsburg Banking company of this place, advertised paid in capital $75,000, surplus $12,000, of which Jonathan Boynton, of Clearfield, is president, and O. P. Jones, of this place, cashier, established in 1871, failed to open its doors this morning. At 6 o'clock the following notice was posted on the door:

"As the continued demand of our depositors is greater than we can meet at once, we deem it best for all their interests to suspend payment and liquidate our affairs. We firmly believe we can pay every depositor in full. "O Perry Jones,
"Cashier."

To a few persons the notice was not a surprise, but to the general public, who have witnessed the run made by the Hungarians and Swede depositors during a part of Wednesday and the whole of Thursday and Friday, and the bank continued business on Saturday, the notice was a most disagreeble and complete surprise. Little, if any, excitement followed. A few Hungarians who had not withdrawn their money last week, were on hand this morning to lift their deposits, stood around in groups and discussed the new situation affairs had taken in Philipsburg, For the most part depositors admit that suspension was the proper thing to do, and those most deeply interested, while admitting the affect of business and temporary financial embarrassment to many, are emphatic in their expression of belief that the embarrassment will only be temproaryand that dollar for dollar will be paid. The suspension has not been caused by any unsoundness in the institution, but occasioned wholly to the general distrust prevailing in this section, caused by the failure of the Houtzdale and Clearfield banks and the fact that the president of the Philipsburg Banking company was connected with the Clearfield bank.

Cashier Jones had been promised last week that the larger depositors, had confidence in the bank and its ability to stand the withdrawal of the Hungarian deposits, but it seems that notwithstanding that promise a quiet and steady checking out of deposits and withdrawals continued all day Sunday. Last evening, so it is stated, Mr. Jones made a complete exhibit of the condition of the bank and of his own individual resources to a number of local capitalists, and was promptly offered $50,000 to help him through. He was in doubt for some time what to do, but friends advised him for himself as well as for the bank's patrons, suspension would be the best. Actingon that advice the notice was posted this morning.

Cashier Jones has the reputation of being a careful and shrewd business man. All his various business inrerests are successful, and expressions of sympathy are heard on every hand over the combination of cawes which have led to the suspension of his bank—causes for which he is in no wise to blame or responsible. The statement is made on the very best authority that the assests are largely in excess of the liabilities and that depositors will lose nothing.

AT CLEARFIELD.

At Clearfield the situation has changed very much for the better, and it is now believed the failure of the First National bank will be traced to the carrying of too great an amount of business paper, and that no evidence of fraud will be shown against President Dill. The United States authorities have fixed Friday next for a hearing of the case, and if the bail asked is not excessive, should the evidence warrant the holding of Dill at all, the bail will be promptly forthcoming.

At Houtzdale the feeling of excitement has about all given away to one of sober judgment. For the convenience of the people the Moshannon bank, of Philipsburg, opened a branch in Houtzdale, today, with John T. Fryeberger in charge.

PHILIPSBURG, Pa., October 6—The situation in Houtzdale is unchanged. No excitement but considerable feeling continue. Effigies of Dill and his son were placed in a buggy last night and the buggy placed in front of the doors of the bank. The work was that of boys. The receivers continue in charge of the bank and are awaiting the disposition the United States authorities will make of Dill next Friday before taking any furthur steps.

At Philipsburg the bank people, with Orvis and Bowers for their attorneys, are preparing a statement which may be made public to-morrow. Unofficial sources place the assets of the bank at $400,000, liabilities $380,000. Offers of money have been made to reorganize and open the band and these may be accepted. Merchants are beginning to feel the pressure, especially those who have sent their checks east in settlement of bills and are being returned. No fears are entertained of the Moshannon bank of this place. Deposits to-day were in excess of payments and pay rolls were made out to the amonnt of $20.000 and its officers are extending every courtesy to the interest involved in the closing of the other banks.

Woman's Home Missionary Society.

The Womans' Home Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Huntingdon met in Mifflintown last week.

The report of the treasurer, Mrs. John M. Bailey, of Huntingdon, showed that the year was the most successful in the history of the society, the entire contribution in money being $1,672 13, an increase of $469.71 over any former year. The contents of boxes was $897.63, an increase of $565.69 over any previous year, making the total increase $735.40.

Miss Morrison, of White Hall seminary North Carolina, made a very interesting address.

Rev. J. T. Gibson, of Pittsburgh, delivered an able address on Wednesday evening.

The following officers were elected; President, Miss Irvine of Holidaysdurg; vice presidents, Mrs. Schuyler, Everett; Mrs. Dorris, Huntingdon; Mrs. Johnson Philipsburg; Mrs. Thompson, Spruce Creek; Mrs. R. E. McKinley, Clearfield, Mrs. R. A. McMeen, Mifflintown; Miss S D. Morrow, Tyrone; Mrs. J. W. Bain, Altoona; Miss Mila Humes, Bellefonte. vice president of bands, Mrs A. S. Landis, Hollidaysburg; recording secretary, Mrs A. M. Laporte, Tyrone. corresponding secretary, Miss S. A. Hutchison, Altoona; assistant, Miss Clara Bain, Altoona.

The committee on place for holding next year's meeting reported Tyrone as the place decided on. The time will be in October.

A NOVEL SIGHT.

One of the most interesting and novel as well as instructive exhibits at the great Southern Exposition, to be held in Raleigh during October and November, is that under the direct control of Dr. H. B. Battle, Chief of the Experimental Station displays of the South.

Dr. Battle will have fitted up a complete chemical laboratory, and daily tests and experiments in chemistry will be made and explained to the thousands of visitors. Farmers can thus obtain much valuable information about the chemistry of soils and plants, and we predict that the wide-awake, progressive young farmer will visit the Exposition and stay for a week or two taking in these free lessons in chemistay.

The mysteries of chemistry are certainly interesting, and the enterprise of Dr Battle, who is Chief of the North Carolina Experiment Station, is to be commended. He gives to the farmers of the South practical lessons, and at a place where thousands of them can see and learn. Dr. Eattle will have the assistance of several chemists from the Southern State.

THE INSANE ASYLUM.

The committee of Bellwood citizens who went to Harrisburg yesterday and waited upon Governor Pattison in the interest of their town as a site for the new insane asylum, were given plainly to understand by the Governor that he would not disapprove the recommendation of his commission which determined upon Wernersville in the banner Democratic county of Berks. Our reform Governor is watching political fences with an eagle eye nowadays.

Dr. Curwen, the only member of the commission to locate the new asylum for the chronic insane, who cannot be charged with partisan motives in naming his choice, disapproved the Berks county site and endorsed the Bellefonte site. Politics went a long way with the other commissioners, and is reaching the same length with the Governor.—Tyrone *Herald*.

IVERS & POND PIANOS.

These pianoes are of the highest grade. They contain that most desirable improvement, the patent Soft-Stop, and they can be bought at fair prices and on easy payments regardless of distance from manufactory.

A catalogue describing and picturing these pianos will be mailed free if you send a request and your address on a postal card to Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont St, Boston.

CHEAP MUSIC.

We have received from Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, several editions of cheap music, cheap in price but equal in quality to the publications that cost double the money. Pond & Co., are now issuing some of the best and cheapest music published. Send for their catalogue and see for yourself.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

BELLEFONTE WILL HAVE A NEW STREET AND OUTLETS.

Council convened at 7.30 o'clock with seven members present. There were no verbal nor written communications.

Street committee reported work done in various places.

Water committee reported all repairs made on pipes and hydrants throughout the town. Also the stand pipe up and working satisfactorily.

Fire and police and market committee no special reports to make.

Finance committee reported progress—guess that means bills running up.

A petition was presented by the people of the South ward asking that the alley to be made south of Logan street be laid out straight and not with any angle in it.

Finance committee reported balance due treasurer of $4,133,88.

D. F. Fortney, Esq. was present to urge upon council the necessity of taking some definite action on the request of the county commissioners for permission to lay a drain pipe from the public building down High street to Spring creek. W. F. Reeder, Esq., was present and, on behalf of Dr. E. W. Hale, who he represented, notified the council that the bed of Spring creek, as well as a number of feet of the land east of the creek belonged to Dr. Hale and that council had better be right before granting permission to anyone to go through the land or dump drainage in the creek.

Borough Solicitor Clement Dale was present and presented to council ordinances for the opening of a new street just west of the eastern line of the borough and from Bishop to Curtin street; also Armor street from Linn to Beaver; also to extend High, Lamb, Linn and Curtin streets from their present terminus east to connect with the new street above mentioned. All the ordinances were passed by council.

After the aprroval of a very large number of bills council adjourned.

A BOILER EXPLOSION.

CHICAGO. October 4.—A boiler explosion aboard the steamer C. W. Parker killed seven persons and seriously injured many others in the neighborhood of the Archer avenue bridge, this afternoon. The tug, in company with three other tugs, was engaged in attempting to tow the coal steamer H. S. Pickans out of the draw of the bridge, where she was aground, when the explosion occurred.

Three of the killed were employes of the tug, and their bodies have not yet been recovered. The other persons killed were standing on the banks of the river, to which a number of spectators had been drawn to witness the removal of the steamer Pickans.

The killed are: James B. Carter, captain of the tug Parker; John C. Moore, engineer; Samuel Armstrong, cook; unknown man; Mrs. Mary Rice, Barbara Rice, her 18 year old daughter, and Samuel Sawyers, a laborer. The wounded are: Joseph Cullen, fireman of the Parker, will probably die before morning; Henry Bell, deck hand, badly scalded and leg paralyzed; Charles Kitchen, citizen, wounded by missiles; Frank Wagner, arm broken; Joseph Bozomarask, skull fractured, may die; George Juell, leg and back hurt; Louis Demass, back sprained; James Cunningham, scalp wounds.

Long Distance Telephoning.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, known as the long Distance Telephone Company, has just completed a through line from Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

The line crosses the Susquehanna at Harrisburg and goes up the west side of the river to Fairview, whence it runs to the mountain and through Sterret's Gap and by way of Ickesburg to Port Royal, thence to Reedsville and across Kishacoquillas Valley and over Stone Mountain to Greenwood Furnace, thence through McAlevy's Fort Saulsburg, Manor Hill and down Shever's Creek Valley to Petersburg thrnce to Alxandria, Water Street, Arch Springs, up Sinking Valley and across to Altoona, thence to Ebensburgh and by the old turn pike to Pittsburgh, a total distance of 200 miles from Harrisburg, or 50 miles less than the Pennsylvania Railroad route.

The Company is really the Bell Telephone company. By means of the long distance instrument it will be easier to converse over this line between here and New York or Chicago than to take ten miles on a local line with the instrument now in use. By means of "loops" Huntingdon, Tyrone and other points will be connected with the line.

—A new smoke stack is being erected at the steam heat works by W. B. Maitland, the boiler maker. In order to get the stack up it was necessary to tear a large hole in the brick wall of the boiler house and cut a large piece out of the roof. A large pole was then put up on which was fastened a rope and tackle and with a windlass the raising of tne stack commenced. It was a slow and tedious process and about the time it was half up the tackle pole broke and the stack fell back on the wall and roof, causing some damage but, fortunately, injuring no one. The pole was spliced and it is hoped the raising of the stack will be completed today.

—A regular old fashioned singing class will be held in the Presbyterian chapel on Tuesday evening, October 6th. This will be the first of a series of such classes. The class will be conducted by Prof. W. T. Meyer and will be entirely for the benefit and improvement of the singing in the Presbyterian church and Sunday school; no one else admitted. All members of the church and Sunday school are requested to attend as the instruction will be free.

Little Miss Cleveland.

NEW YORK, October 4.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland became the mother of a strong healthy girl baby yesterday morning shortly after midnight. Dr. J. D. Bryant of 54 West Thirty-sixth street was in attendance. Both mother and child are doing well. The important news did not become known down town yesterday until nearly noon. Then it spread with utmost rapidity both in the city and to other parts of the country. During the afternoon many flowers were sent in to Mrs. Cleveland, and both father and mother received heartycongratulations. Then messenger boys began to move up the avenue with telegraphic messages from all parts of the country.

Among the first telegrams received, within three hours of making the news public, were messages from Don M. Dickinson and W. C. Quinby, Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lee Knot, of Baltimore, A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, of Marion, Mass. The ex-president bears his new honors modestly. He said, with a laugh, yesterday:

"I don't want to brag any, but this baby already is as stout and as good as most babies are when they are three or four days old."

THIS IS VALUABLE NEWS.

There are hundreds of our people who are suffering from lingering diseases who have not received benefit from their family physicians. Such sufferers should write a description of their cases to the famous Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th St., New York, the discoverer of the renowned remedy, Dr. Green's Nervura, and successful specialist in the cure of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free of charge—that is, a full description of the case should be written him, and he will return his diagnosis of the case, whether curable, and advise in regard to treatment, with out charge. In his carefully considered answer he will fully explain your disease and give you a perfect understanding of all its symptoms, free of any expense.

Dr. Greene has devoted special attention to treatment through letter correspondence, and his success in the cure of this class of diseases by his harmless vegetable remedies, is without a parrallel. As consultation is thus entirely free, sufferers in our vicinity should seize this opportunity which affords an almost certainty of being cured.

Personal Pencilings.

George N. Brandon has gone to New York.

Mrs. John Ardell, journeyed to Lock Haven on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings was an arrival home on the 4.30 train Tuesday evening.

Miss Jennie Crittenden departed for Williamsport this morning where she goes as a delegate to the State Convention of the Young People's Christian Endeavor society.

"Little Nugget," which appears at the opera house Monday evening, October 12, is not a mining or back-woods drama, but a funny house comedy, with a plot full of elegant music, singing and dancing, and strictly refined in every particular.

—In another column we publish a card of thanks from Messrs. James R. Hughes and Willliam S. Furst to all those who so willingly and untiringly assisted in getting up the business men's jubilee. In the card everybody receives special mention that in any may contributed to its success save, and except the town press; these have been entirely overlooked, even after printing columns of gratuitous advertising, the newspaper man fails to get even a line in a half column card of thanks.

DEATH OF MRS. W. H. BAIRD.

On Sunnay afternoon Mrs. Alice, wife of Mr. W. H. Baird, of Franklinville, Huntingdon county, died of typhoid fever. Mrs. Baird was the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hoy, and had been married less than two years. Besides her husband she leaves an eight months, old child to mourn her death. The funeral occured to-day interment being made in the graveyard at Shiloh church, this county.

EXCURSION TO READING PA.

On account of the National Encampment of the Union Veteran Legion at Reading, Pa Octoper 13-15 excursion tickets to that point at rate of single fare for the round trip will be placed on sale at all Beech Creek Railroad stations. These tickets may be purchased on any day from October 8th to 13th inclusive, and will be valid for return trip on or before October 16th.

—It is sadly to be deplored that such companies as the "Electric Spark" succeed in fooling the people enough to allow them to live a fortnight. A large audience assembled in the opera house on Monday night expecting to be well entertained but we must say the performance was execrable. Manager Garman, however, is not to blame, as he was as much taken in as any one who went to see the performance.

FIRE AT SNOW SHOE.

THE P. R. R. STATION FALLS A PREY TO THE FLAMES.

A telephone message from Snow Shoe this morning contained the information that the Pennsylvania railroad depot at that place was burned to the ground, with all its contents, at half past six o'clock this morning. Fortunately there was not over one hundred dollars worth of freight in the depot and this, with the stoves, desks, etc., constituted all the building contained. No one seems to know just how the fire originated. When the station agent went from his home to the depot, about half past six o'clock, he saw smoke issuing from the building and, upon his arrival, he was horrified to find the building one mass of flames inside. As there is no fire protection in Snow Shoe, nothing could be done to stop the devouring element and in less than one half an hour the entire building was a mass of ruins. Although it is not definitely known how the fire originated yet it is supposed that it may have caught from the stove pipe. The loss to the company will be probably two thousand dollars.

"LITTLE NUGGET."

We take great pride in chronicling the news of the appearance of "Little Nugget," which will be in Garman's opera house next Monday evening, October 12th, the farce, musical comedy success, which no doubt many of our theatre-going people remember, and all those who attended its last production here will be a walking advertisement, and standing room will undoubtedly be in demand. The principal character, Barney O'Brady, H. S. Cawthorn, gives more comical delineations of the "exaggerated Irishman" than Pat Rooney. Barney has a penchant for turning up at the most unexpected times and in such an unexpected way as to bring down the house at each appearance. His courtship of the wealthy widow, Mrs. Simpkins, is the climax of fun, and the audience fairly vents its delight in yells as Barney gained the hand that "owned thim two hundred acres." The cast is above the average for such plays. "Little Nugget" doesn't pretend to be true to nature or afflicted with a patch of realism, but it goes further and ludicrously depicts the real in a delirium, and that is what the average theatre-goer wants.

A SAD AFFAIR.

On Saturday we noted in our columns the death of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Nelson, of South Second street This sorrow in their home has been followed by another that is heart-rending in the extreme. Yesterday morning the mother had left her other little child, Johnnie, aged 2 years and 4 mouths, sleeping up stairs, and went about attending to her household duties. About 8 o'clock, while down in the cellar, she heard the little fellow coming down the upper stairs. She hastened up, but not in time, as her child had gotten down stairs and into the room where the corpse of her infant was lying and had drunk some embalming that had been left in a bowl for use of preventing the discoloring of the face of the dead child. The little fellow had the bowl to his lips when discovered. A doctor was summoned, but notwithstanding the efforts to save the little fellow's life he died about 1 o'clock in the afternoon.—Philipsburg *Journal*.

—The District Lodge, Independent Order Good Templars, will meet in Philipsburg on Thursday of next week, October 8th. The Grand Lodge officers will be present, and we understand that it is intended to make a new district embracing the counties of Centre and Clearfield, in consequence of the increase in membership.

—There is a farmer not a thousand miles from Bellefonte who destroyed a crop of find apples, amounting to hundreds of bushels, because he didn't want to make cider out of them and he didn't want anybody else to. That man deserves a crop of apples next year so small that it will not inconvenience him to store it away in his eye.

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